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The May ROYAL (ready next Tuesday) contains a big surprise for you!

A Powerful new series of Mystery Stories by NORMAN SILVER has just started in SHORT STORIES.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

"The Brains of the Force" is the title of a Splendid Series of Stories just started in SHORT STORIES.

No. 614.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING APRIL 24, 1902. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [ONE PENNY.

He'd Said It.

ONE day a schoolboy came running into the house breathless.

"Is my dinner ready, mither?" he inquired.

A plate of broth was set before him, at which he at once commenced.

"Hallo, Jimmy!" cried his mother, "ye're forgettin' something."

"No, mither," he replied, continuing to sup on.

"Ye forgot to say grace, my man."

"Oh, no, mither, I was in an awfu' hurry to get back to a footba' match in the playground, an' I said grace comin' up the road."

LITTLE BOY: "Mamma, what's my book about?"

Mamma: "It is called 'The Sleeping Beauty,' and is about a girl who slept, and slept, and slept, and nobody could wake her."

"Was she a servant girl?"

MR. FUSSY (engaging rooms): "Ah! I see you have a piano. Do I have the use of that?"

Mrs. Pancake: "Why, certainly."

Mr. Fussy: "Well, then, please let me have the key and I'll lock it up."

They Were Real Beauties.

A CERTAIN lady of title who lives in the Midlands has recently recovered from a rather severe illness. An adept with the brush, and a regular exhibitor at the summer exhibition of water-colours in connection with the local art gallery, it was supposed she had overworked herself.

When the doctor was called in, an old nurse, who had been in the family many years, bored the medical man with her opinions as to the cause of the attack.

"It's them long hours an' hard work at the paintin' what's done it," she remarked directly she saw him.

The doctor was preoccupied and scarcely heard the remark.

"Has her ladyship exhibited any traces of hysteria," he suddenly demanded, turning to the talkative nurse.

"Oh, no, sir," was the unexpected reply. "They was water-colours, all on 'em—real beauties, too."

"Is this a cool neighbourhood in summer?"

"Is it? Well, I should say it was! There isn't a man in the neighbourhood who doesn't help himself to my flowers and lawn mower without so much as by your leave."

MISTRESS: "Let you go to the evening school, Mary? Why, I thought you could read!"

Mary: "Well, ma'am, I does know my letters fust-rate, so long's they keep all in a row, one after the other; but just as soon's they gets mixed up into words I'm beat!"

Won by a Neck.

A TRUE story is told by the attendant at some new public baths in a populous district in the East End of London.

On the morning following the formal and official opening, there was quite a small crowd awaiting the distinction of being the first *bonâ-fide* customer.

A little wizen-faced man, who had waited some two hours, managed, after some struggling, to secure the first ticket, and his warm bath rapidly got ready.

"My turn first," said a newly-arrived coster of some five-feet-ten, pushing his way through.

"No; it's for me," said the little man.

But the burly bully refused to see the justice of this, and burst into a volley of abuse.

The little man took no notice, but simply smiled—he was too small to do anything else.

This so exasperated the coster that a struggle ensued, which ended in the first comer falling headlong into the bath.

Then he got up spluttering and began to divest himself of his wet clothes, making only the one quiet remark:

"Well, yer see, I've done yer. I'm the fust in after all."

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Our Baby's Journey.

Our baby has taken a journey to-night
To a mystic land of wonder,
Whose moonlit valleys are hidden quite
By the dreamy clouds up yonder.
And how did he go? And pray is it far?
Did he travel alone, the wee elf?
Ah, yes; but I noted each turn in the way
So well, that perhaps it's not boasting to say
I might take the same journey myself.

The way is not far; but he started at dusk,
When the moonlit stars were peeping
Most timidly through their curtain of blue,
Behind which they lay all day sleeping.
Then far, far away, 'cross the plains of day,
Came sandman, so silent and lone;
And to baby's surprise, both his big shining eyes
Were soon filled with the dust he had sown.

Yet he tarried awhile by the peek-a-boo stile,
There a spray from the drowsy fountain
Seemed to dim the light in his eyes so bright,
Then a shadow from good-night mountain
Fell over the boy; then on, right on,
Surprised, I sit silent and wonder,
'Neath the starlit arches of by-low-by;
He calmly glides without murmur or cry,
Right into the land up yonder.

But I trust in the morn, o'er the sun-kissed strand,
Our loved babe will return from the Slumberland.

He Didn't Mean That.

WHILE visiting Edinburgh, a country parish minister met in the street a servant girl who had sat under him, and who had left his congregation to go to a situation in the city.

"Well, Maggie," said he kindly, "how do you like your new situation?"

"Fine, sir; but I'm gey and lonesome amongst sae mony strange folk."

"I was thinking so, Maggie. Well, I must see if I can find time to call and see you before I leave town."

"Na, sir" (very dolefully), "ye munna dae that, for our mistress allows nae followers; but" (brightening up) "if ye like tae come tae the back yett (gate) and up the kailyard at the gloamin', I'll try tae let ye in at the wundy."

Economy in Everything.

THE truly gifted engineer always makes one part of his work fit into another, and no energy is ever wasted.

A wealthy engineer who had set up a very fine place in the country, where he had carried out many pet constructive projects, was visited there by an old friend. The visitor had so much difficulty in pushing open the front gate that he spoke about it to the proprietor.

"You ought to look to that gate," he said. "A man who has everything exactly right should not have a gate that is hard to open."

"Ha!" exclaimed the engineer, "you don't understand my economy, I'm quite certain. That gate communicates with the waterworks of the house, and every person who comes through it pumps up four gallons of water!"

Suburban Dissipations.

BONDSTREETE (incredulously): "So you really like country life?"

Wimbledon (enthusiastically): "Like it, my boy? I revel in it!"

Bondstreete: "Rather dull, isn't it?"

Wimbledon: "Not a bit—not a bit! Every day brings its special pleasures. By the way, are you disengaged Wednesday?"

Bondstreete (cautiously): "I think so."

Wimbledon (cordially): "Then come out and spend the evening with us. My daughter will give us some selections from Schubert, Mrs. W. will read Ibsen to us, and when the ladies retire I'll brew a jug of lemonade and we'll have a bout at dominoes, best six games out of eleven."

Told Her Story.

THE little daughter of a man who had been chosen for jury duty the other day went to the clerk of the court and said:

"Please, sir, father can't come. He can't put on his boots."

The clerk asked the nervous little creature what was the matter with her father. Her hesitation showed that she had not been sufficiently equipped for the complete deception of the wary official. He repeated his question.

"Well, sir," she said, looking straight into the clerk's twinkling eyes, "father don't wear boots. He's got wooden legs. I wasn't told to tell you anything else, sir; that's all."

HE (wildly): "May I not, then, fall prostrate to the ground and weep at thy feet?"

She (practically): "Yes, if you'll wait till I put on my goloshes."

SCENE.—Small crowd round a policeman. First Urchin: "I say, Bill, what is yon bobby allers a-wetting his pencil for?"

Second Urchin: "Don't yer know, it's to make the charge as black's as he can."

Awful Short.

AN Englishman who fulfilled the duties of land steward in connection with a large estate in Scotland, one day gave a youthful farm-servant a glass of milk by way of compensating him for doing some extra work.

The lad—a true son of Scotia—put on an air of unmistakable disappointment at the unwelcome smallness of the glass. The Englishman, thinking to divert his attention from his critical examination, jauntily asked:

"I say, Sandy, do you happen to know how glasses like the one you hold in your hand are made?"

"Na, maister, I dinna ken onything aboot the maitter," answered the Scot.

"I wonder you haven't heard that they are blown," said the steward.

"Aweel," replied the servant, as with a judicial look he held up the glass, "he maun surely hae been maist awful short of braith that blew this ane."

"PLAY at a matinée?" exclaimed a rising young actress, with a look of ineffable disgust. "I would have you know, Mr. Manager, that the stars only shine by night."

IF at a dinner party you happen to upset a glass of claret over your fair neighbour's white satin dress, smile pleasantly, and say:

"Ah, it is always a sign of wet when the glass falls."

You will be forgiven, and in all probability invited by her papa to dine with him on Sunday.

A Lesson to the Inquisitive.

A TRAIN was just starting out from King's Cross when a shirtsleeved man came rushing down the platform, shouting, "Smith, Smith."

A man in one of the last carriages, which was a corridor one, heard the shout, and being naturally curious, put his head out of the window. As he did so the man running along the platform reached him and struck him a hard blow in the face. By the time he had recovered from his surprise the train was outside the station, so he at once summoned the car attendant.

"What kind of an outrage is this?" he demanded of the attendant. "Here am I, an innocent passenger, sitting in this carriage just as the train pulls out of the station. Suddenly some man runs down the platform, shrieking, 'Smith, Smith'! I look out of the window, and he reaches up and almost knocks my head off. Now, I want to——"

"Pardon me," interrupted the attendant. "Is your name Smith?"

"No, it isn't, and that is just what makes——"

"Well, then, sir, what did you look out of the window for? There wasn't anybody calling you, was there?"

The Art of Plate-Spinning is fully explained in the May ROYAL.

A MERE PREJUDICE.

By FRED. J. COX.

"Here at last is an applicant who seems to fulfil all reasonable requirements," said the Reverend Mr. Vaudrey, laying down the letter which he had been reading, and resuming his breakfast. "He seems to be a man of undoubted energy, wide experience, and capital testimonials."

"More than all that, papa," exclaimed Ella Vaudrey, "he appears to have also the unique gift of making other people accept his own estimate of himself."

"But, my dear Ella," protested Frank Marchant, "a man is surely to be excused for laying on the colours a little thickly when seeking employment. The law applies with equal force to curates and costermongers."

The speaker was Ella's brother-in-law, and the relationship conferred upon him, as he thought, the right to reprove her for those displays of semi-cynicism which had become woefully frequent of late. It was a habit more piquant than desirable in a girl of nineteen, he considered.

"But what have the qualities mentioned by papa to do with the case, Frank?" she asked innocently. "What does a curate want with energy and experience?"

"Really, Ella, you are far too severe for your years," exclaimed Miss Sophia Vaudrey, the Vicar's maiden sister. "What can a mere girl know of curates?"

"I am old enough, auntie, to have known Mr. Danks," Ella responded lugubriously.

"Poor Danks!" broke in the Vicar, with a smile. "You may remember, Frank, he was my last curate here. A poor creature in some respects, and Ella's *bête noire*. Unfortunately, he has left behind him not only an unpleasant reputation for incompetence, but an equally unpleasant and wholly unfair standard to judge the entire curate population by. Fearing to obtain a facsimile of Mr. Danks, I have refrained from filling up the post; but Overbury is a large parish, and the work cannot properly be done single-handed."

The Vicar's careworn face abundantly confirmed his words. It was really selfish of Ella, Marchant thought, to expect her father to overwork himself to gratify one of her silly prejudices.

"There are many types of curates," he asserted, hoping to enlarge his sister-in-law's outlook on the subject.

"With certain resemblances common to them all," the girl retorted slily, "drawling simplicity of speech, and an enormous capacity for carpet slippers. So enormous, indeed, you would think they were centipedes."

"You have to thank Mr. Penley and the comic papers for that idea," said Frank Marchant with a laugh. "But to enumerate my types," he went on. "There is the athletic curate, whose only 'ism' is muscular Christianity. His love of football is proportioned by his contempt for tennis. He becomes an Army chaplain; all in good time."

"More of a muscle-man than a Christian," observed Ella flippantly.

"Then there is the cultured young person," Marchant went on, ignoring the unworthy pun, "with distinct leanings towards 'honest doubt'—a kind of Robert Elsmere in the making."

Miss Sophia frowned the frown of rigid orthodoxy.

"There are several other types," he proceeded leisurely. "There is, for example——"

"The Danks type," cried Ella, completing the sentence.

"Quite so," Frank Marchant returned, "and as he appears to dominate your mind to the exclusion of all other types, it would be absurd for me to extend the list. The fact is, Ella, you are the victim of an unreasonable prejudice."

"It's useless talking, Frank," said Mr. Vaudrey good-humouredly. "You'll never make Ella believe that a curate is anything else but a milksop. As you know, her brother Jack stands in her view as the embodiment of all the manly virtues. After all, it is only natural. A soldier's calling always appeals to a woman's imagination, while the quiet discharge of clerical duties leaves it quite unstirred."

"The name is Davenant," said Mr. Vaudrey, glancing at the letter again.

"Davenant?" said Frank Marchant, with a start of surprise.

"Yes," replied the vicar, "Arthur Davenant. Do you know the name, Frank? At present he is at St. Chad's, Melborough."

"By Jove!" Marchant burst out, "the very same! Poor old Arthur! Strange that I should hear of him again in this odd way. We were the closest of friends at Oxford, but since the death of his father, he has apparently had no time for reviving old friendships. And no wonder, poor chap, seeing that he took over a load of family responsibilities which would have crushed an ordinary man."

"You think him extraordinary, then?" queried the vicar.

"Absolutely," exclaimed Marchant, with enthusiasm. "Davenant has great talents, combined with a tremendous capacity for work. Everybody at Oxford predicted he would go far."

"A future bishop, and in Mr. Danks' stall!" cried Ella, whose curiosity had compelled her to remain.

"Yes, even that," replied Marchant, decisively.

"But is your friend sound, Frank?" inquired Miss Sophia, who rather distrusted clever clergymen.

He was about to reply "as a bell," but suddenly remembering that Miss Vaudrey's main concern was with doctrine, he appropriately corrected the metaphor to "as a rock."

"Your praise decides me," said Mr. Vaudrey.

A few minutes later Ella was strolling with her brother-in-law in the vicarage garden. They paused before a bed of her favourite carnations.

"Can you tell me, Frank," she asked, "why, if Mr. Davenant is the paragon you describe, he became—a curate?"

"What a question!" he exclaimed. "It may be, Ella, that Arthur Davenant takes a more serious view of life than ever entered your little head. However, it looks as if he would soon be in Overbury. Then you can ask him yourself!"

"How absurd!" she cried, her cheeks slightly reddening. "As though I could be so intimate! Besides, you forget that when a curate appears on the scene, he always finds me armed but neutral."

"Which is an impossible attitude for individuals as well as nations," he rejoined. "It is bound to merge sooner or later into open friendship or active antagonism."

"With the odds in favour of the latter," retorted Ella.

Marchant prolonged his stay in Overbury until Arthur Davenant arrived. The friends spent a few days together, and then Marchant departed for town.

At the little railway station the latter said:

"I don't think you'll find your duties here a bed of roses, old fellow. It strikes me rather forcibly there'll be some opposition to contend with."

Davenant looked surprised. What sort of opposition did his friend mean, and why had he not spoken of it before? Was Mr. Vaudrey an exacting chief? Or was the village full of truculent dissent?

Marchant's cryptic remark puzzled Davenant for a me days. What could it mean? The parishioners were civil enough, and Mr. Vaudrey had a charming and appreciative manner. A week or two later he wrote to Marchant stating that, so far from any opposition having shown itself, he was rapidly making friends with everybody.

Marchant's short note in reply ran as follows: "A lawyer seldom speaks unadvisedly; my prediction will yet be verified. In the interim, *cherches la femme!*"

This decided Davenant to brush the idea out of his mind. If there was a woman in the case, she had not yet appeared. His slight differences of opinion with Miss Sophia Vaudrey, who held rather puritanical views on the deportment of curates, were too trivial to take into account.

One August afternoon he was crossing the fields which led to the high range of hills which inclosed the Overbury valley. The meadow-path ran by high hedges which afforded an agreeable protection from the heat.

At a bend of this path he caught a glimpse of something white, and he was soon face to face with Ella Vaudrey, who had sought the shade of a leafy ash in order to get through the final chapters of a yellow-backed novel.

She coloured slightly as he approached.

"I trust I've not disturbed your reading, Miss Vaudrey," he said.

The words were accompanied with such an attractive smile that Ella momentarily forgot that the speaker belonged to her proscribed profession.

"Oh, not in the least, Mr. Davenant," she replied; "only I am afraid you will think I am wasting my time!"

The next moment she was angry with herself for that abject, half-apologetic utterance. What could it matter to her what he thought.

"Wasting your time?" he said. "Oh, no! There is nothing better this languid weather than 'a book of verses underneath the bough.' But the quotation doesn't quite fit; it is not a book of verses, I think?"

Ella had placed the book down on the grass so that the title was obscured. She was determined to remove the impression of apparent cowardice.

"No, it is one of Ouida's novels," she explained with supreme audacity.

"I, too, have found Ouida interesting in certain moods," he said simply.

His remark somewhat disconcerted her. Why did he not admonish her for her literary imprudence as Mr. Danks had once done? She waited, but the reproof was not forthcoming. For all that, she required no patronising encouragement in her choice of authors. Perhaps he thought Ouida represented the outermost limits of her understanding.

"Ouida is not my favourite novelist," she observed. "I much prefer Meredith and Hardy."

"Yes?"

"But Jack liked Ouida, and told me to read all her books, and I always do what Jack tells me. He's my brother, you know."

Davenant nodded.

"Your father has told me about him," he said, "he has done great things at the war."

"Tremendous!" she exclaimed with sisterly pride. "But how I wish he would come home!"

"It will be over soon now," he said encouragingly.

"Do you think so?" she asked eagerly, "that will be jolly. We have such fine times when Jack's home. Boating, fishing, and hill-climbing."

"How very exciting," he said, catching some of her enthusiasm.

"Hill climbing? Yes, it is glorious. And I haven't been to the top of Stow Hill since Jack sailed."

"I have never been there in my life," he said regretfully.

"Jack'll take you when he comes home," she promised. "He is a splendid climber."

They met one mellow afternoon in late September. The harvest had been gathered in, and there was an uninterrupted succession of brown stubble fields stretching right away to the lower slopes of Stow Hill.

"Shall we attempt the hill this afternoon?" he asked, not without a little hesitation.

"Shall we?" she returned eagerly. It was not quite the proper thing for her to go so far away from home with Mr. Davenant, who was still—well, a comparative stranger. But there was a spice of adventure in the proposal, and that decided her.

They had soon covered the lower slopes, and began the rocky ascent together, Ella leading.

It was not such hard work after all, Davenant thought. Midway up, she rested a moment on a ledge of rock. Her face was flushed to a fine crimson with the fresh air and the exertion of climbing.

He would have preferred to make this the limit of their excursion, but she pointed to the frowning mass which rose sheer above them.

"It's a grand view from the top," she pleaded.

He felt there was no escaping it now.

"Jack and I always parted company here," she said. "There's only room on that narrow path for one, besides, if one slipped, he or she might collide with the other."

"But is there any danger?" he asked in a concerned voice.

"Nothing to speak of, provided you're careful," she returned. "Why, you're not afraid, Mr. Davenant?"

At last she felt he was about to justify her theory, but he only said quietly, "I was thinking of you!"

"Of me!" she laughed gaily. "Why, I'm a daughter of the hills, and will prove the fact by giving you minute instructions what to do. On the opposite side there is an alternative way up. You must take that, and we'll see who is first at the top. That's what Jack and I always did."

"Then I'll follow Jack's example," he said, "but do not be in too great a hurry. I am a slow climber."

He soon found the track she had described. It was steep and difficult, and he stumbled more than once against fragments of rock, but eventually managed to reach the top in safety. It was more than a quarter of an hour since he had left her, and still she had not arrived. He, the unpractised hill-climber, had outstripped her in the race! He waited another five minutes, not wishing to make a parade of his victory. Still, she did not come.

Strange she was so long. Supporting himself against a shelf of rock, he glanced eagerly down the hillside. She was not to be seen anywhere. Heavens! What had happened?

All sorts of fears crowded in upon him as he hastily descended the rocky path up which she should have come—fears so vivid that they broke down the barriers of reserve and impelled him to call her by name.

"Ella!" The sound seemed to have a strange sweetness in it as it echoed through the hills.

He thought he heard a faint moan. Across the path stood a huge boulder, embedded in a tangled mass of undergrowth, and near it, on a rude couch of tall grasses and sprawling briars, lay the form of Ella Vaudrey.

She tried to smile as she caught his look of anxious concern.

"Pray don't look so grave, Mr. Davenant," she said. "It's really nothing except that you have beaten me. But it wasn't a fair contest. I managed to slip somehow, and had it not been for this rock I might have been hurled—I can't tell where."

She shuddered, and a spasm of pain passed across her face.

"Are you hurt much?" he said.

"Only a sprained ankle, I think."

He looked relieved.

"But isn't it enough?" she asked. "It prevents one walking. Whatever shall we do?"

He indicated plainly enough that only one course was possible.

"But I am terribly heavy," she said mischievously.

"I think I am equal to the task," he returned.

He carried her lightly as a feather down the hillside, but progress was slow, for the deepening twilight made it difficult to discern the path.

"Will you not rest now?" she said when they were half-way down. "I am heartily ashamed of myself for giving you so much trouble."

"I don't admit the trouble," he said lightly; "what you do give me is a text for my next sermon."

"What is that?" she asked.

"'Bear ye one another's burdens,'" he replied.

When the high road leading to Overbury was reached they rested awhile, but as no conveyance passed, he again took her in his arms, in spite of her protests, and carried her to the nearest inn.

The landlord speedily procured a trap, and Ella was soon comfortably seated inside it.

* * * * *

It was some weeks before she was about again. Arthur Davenant found her one bright October morning limping round the garden of the vicarage.

He expressed the genuine pleasure which he felt at seeing her walking again.

"Walking?" she exclaimed, as she accentuated the limp, "pray, don't libel that noble exercise. By the way, Mr. Davenant, Frank is here."

"Yes, I have met him," he returned, "and he has explained certain things which were more or less puzzling to me before. You have, I hear, a rooted prejudice against—er—the lower orders of the clergy." He moved a little closer to her. "Is that true, Ella?"

She cast down her eyes. "Everyone has prejudices at some time or other, but"—she gave him a shy glance—"occasionally one has good reason to get rid of them."

He would have caught her in his arms then and there, only Frank Marchant happened to stroll out.

"Well, Arthur," he asked, "didn't it come about as I predicted? I mean with regard——"

"I know what you mean, Frank," returned Davenant, "but if there was any opposition here, I have broken it down."

"Indeed," said Marchant. "Then, it means, Ella, that you have recanted certain opinions?"

She paused a moment, and then said, with shy hesitation: "When we spoke of a certain profession a few weeks ago, you said, Frank, that it was made up of many types. I doubted it at the time, but now I find you are right. And some of the types I consider are"—she felt Arthur's eyes were upon her, and so modified the adjective—"quite passable!"

FIVE SHILLINGS A DAY FOR LIFE.—A huge prize for a simple task.

Tradesmen ruined by Customers.

A TOBACCONIST in a small way of business in South London recently, in the course of his examination in bankruptcy, was asked how he accounted for his failure. "Too many customers," he replied laconically; and then, in answer to the surprised expression on the Official Receiver's face, he went on to explain that his shop was situated in a notorious Hooligan neighbourhood, and that he was pestered with the custom of a set of youthful ruffians, who not only kept away decent folk, but frequently pilfered as much stock in a few minutes as would, if legitimately sold, have represented a money value much greater than the profit on the sales he made to them in a whole week.

As a rule the custom of wealthy people is much sought after. An exception, however, has to be recorded in the case of a certain notorious Jewish usurer. So bitter was the feeling against this individual that the hotel-keepers of Liverpool, where he mostly resided, invariably declined to put him up once his identity was established; and one stubborn-minded Boniface, who offended against this unwritten law, was speedily brought to his senses by a wholesale migration of his other guests.

Even his co-religionists shrank from incurring the odium of serving him, so that he found the greatest difficulty in procuring the "kosher" meat, and other special articles of diet, the use of which is enjoined by the tenets of his faith. He died worth several hundred thousand pounds in hard cash, yet the local undertakers refused to bury him. "It would ruin our future prospects," they said. In the end a coffin had to be obtained from another city.

POISONED BY SWEETS.

Many years ago a peculiarly diabolical crime, the work of a madwoman, was perpetrated at a popular South Coast watering-place. From a local confectioner's were purchased, at different times and in considerable quantities, chocolate creams. These were infiltrated with strychnine by the purchaser, and then, on one pretence and another, returned to the confectioner in exchange for other sweetmeats. Afterwards, of course, the poisoned creams were again disposed of in the usual course of business, with the result that a number of people were made seriously ill, and one little girl died.

Inquiries led to the discovery and arrest of the woman who had purchased and then returned the creams, and the revelations made at her trial were of so astounding and sensational a character that the whole country rang with the story.

People came from far and near to gaze at the shop of the unlucky confectioner who had been the innocent medium for the dissemination of the deadly comfits, but none went inside to buy. Nor did they after the trial. Indeed, even visitors to the town shrank from entering the door, as though grim death still lurked in the tempting array of sweetmeats; and, in the end, the unfortunate man had to put up his shutters.

Even more to be pitied, perhaps, was the too-enterprising tradesman, who, at the opening of a certain isolation hospital some little time back, catered for and got the custom of the nurses and attendants.

AN IRISH VENGEANCE.

At first his ordinary customers took little notice, but after a while came the small-pox outbreak, the building became crowded with patients stricken with the disease, and first one and then another of the ordinary residents in the neighbourhood thought it prudent to transfer their patronage to a rival establishment.

Then an odd case or two occurred in the town, and rumour traced it to the shop in question, and from that hour the proprietor's fate was sealed. His remaining customers, excepting those connected with the institution in question, deserted him in a body, and to cap the climax of his misfortunes, he himself, just as he had made up his mind to yield to the inevitable and put up his shutters, caught the disease from one of the hospital porters who had dropped in for a chat and an ounce of tobacco.

There are many instances of undeserved ruin overtaking inoffensive Irish tradespeople owing to the boycotting tactics adopted by the all-powerful Land League. One case stands out prominently from all the rest, not only because of the completeness of the havoc wrought, but also on account of the terrible tragedy which pointed the moral of the story.

The victim was a young man named Doyle, who, born in America, had come back to his father's native county of Galway, and started in business as a shopkeeper. His idea was to establish branch stores at different points along the coast, accepting in exchange for his bacon, meal, and flour, either money, or when this was not forthcoming, agricultural produce of a non-perishable nature.

He succeeded beyond his expectations, but one day, in an evil hour for himself, the manager of one of his stores ventured to serve with food some soldiers quartered in the neighbourhood. This was reported by a jealous trade rival to the League headquarters in Dublin, and, after inquiry had verified the truth of the accusation, the terrible boycotting decree went forth against him.

Instantly, as though pestilence had smitten each one of his provision depôts, the peasantry shunned the very ground on which they stood, crossing themselves as they swerved widely past when compelled to be in the neighbourhood. Not that it mattered much, so far as any chance of custom was concerned, for there was no one to serve. His managers had all fled. His goods were rotting where they lay. One final effort he made, chartering a van (he had to send forty miles for it) and setting out himself to collect what remained.

"You are going to your death," said an old woman he had befriended. "Better stay where you are and let the crows eat your stuff."

And as she said, so it was. His body was found next morning, riddled with slugs, outside the nearest of his stores; and in all Galway was none found foolhardy enough to give him burial.

Very ingenious was the plot put up on a poor old Birmingham widow some years back, which resulted ultimately in her ruin and subsequent death. The good lady kept a small general shop, and, having been born in the reign of William IV., she developed a fancy for treasuring such coins bearing that monarch's effigy and superscription as came in her way.

This fad got to the ears of a member of a gang of coiners, and forthwith a number of William IV. florins and half-crowns were coined for her especial benefit. The rascals felt confident of not being detected, for the artless recipient was purblind, and she had made it a strict rule never to part with a single coin of the kind that had once come into her possession.

RUINED BY BAD MONEY.

So the game went merrily forward, and the old dame's trade increased by leaps and bounds. By degrees, however, all her little hoard, both of gold and silver, had been replaced by bags full of the base coinage; and one day she decided, though reluctantly, to pay her rent with a portion of the same. Her surprise and indignation on discovering that they were every one bad may be imagined.

She hobbled back to her shop more quickly than she had done for at least a quarter of a century, bringing with her a friend possessed of good eyesight and normal intelligence. He, of course, could only verify the suspicion that had by that time developed into well-nigh a certainty. Every one of the coins was counterfeit, and the broken-hearted victim of the swindle took to her bed to rise no more.

"And such good customers they were, too," wailed the poor old lady just before she died. "They used to pass over my little counter as many as twenty and thirty half-crowns a day."

Some twelve years ago, towards the close of a winter's afternoon, a man entered a little general shop in a back street in North London and asked to be supplied with a gallon of paraffin oil. He was served, and went away. The next day he called again, and ordered six gallons to be sent to a certain address in the neighbourhood which he gave. The proprietor of the shop did not happen to have so much in stock, but intimated that he would obtain it.

THE "GREAT LONDON FIRE RING."

"Better get twenty gallons, then, since you are sending to your wholesale dealer's. I shall require that and more before I am done," was the reply of the new customer.

This was the beginning of a very profitable trade for the shopkeeper—profitable, that is to say, at the commencement, but destined to spell ruin later on. Never a week passed by but deliveries of paraffin, of greater or less magnitude, took place at the address in question, and always the seller was paid in prompt cash and at full retail prices.

Then, one day, came an unpleasant experience. Detectives called at the shop and asked all sorts of mysterious questions. Some of them, too, were rather unpleasant. The officers wanted to know, among other things, whether he (the shopkeeper) had no suspicions as to the ultimate destination of all these hundreds of gallons of oil, which he had delivered for the most part, semi-secretly and after nightfall, at a small cottage containing only four rooms all told.

As a matter of fact he had not, for he was a simple-minded man. Nevertheless, he only just escaped standing his trial with the members of the "Great London Fire Ring," that sinister confederacy which had elevated arson almost to the dignity of a science, and for whose "benefit" a special session was held at the Old Bailey.

After the trial was over, and he had seen his erstwhile customer sentenced to a long term of penal servitude, the unhappy tradesman returned, to find his shop a heap of smouldering ruins. It had been fired in revenge by some friends of the members of the self-same gang against whom he had been compelled to give evidence.

PAPA: "See the spider, my boy, spinning his web. Is it not wonderful? Do you reflect that, try as he may, no man could spin that web?"

Johnny: "What of it? See me spin this top! Do you reflect that, try as he may, no spider could spin this top?"

THINGS WE TEACH THE WORLD.

The U.S. Copies our Post Office, and France Comes to us for Sport.

"THE most up-to-date country on earth!" That is how the citizens of the United States proudly describe their native land, and it is probable that they are not far wrong. Yet Britain has points which even our progressive cousins have observed with envy, and one of them is our excellent system of free delivery of letters and postal packets.

In the United States, up to five years ago, no town of under 10,000 people had free postal delivery. Everyone who wanted their letters had to go, or send for them. When the mail came in the post-offices of the smaller towns were filled with a seething mob awaiting their letters, and the loss of time was a very serious matter. During busy seasons, such as harvest, farmers often went without their letters for weeks on end.

Desirous of changing this state of affairs, the U.S. postal authorities sent over in 1898 a delegate, Mr. Conquest Clarke, to obtain full particulars of how our system worked. The result of his visit was that the United States has instituted a system of travelling post offices. A postman in a mail van attends at certain spots at stated times, and distributes and receives letters. He also sells stamps and postal orders. So popular has the system proved itself that the annual grant for the purpose has risen from £10,000 to £700,000. Last year Mr. Clarke again visited us to obtain further details of rural free delivery.

Neither is Germany, our too successful rival in many matters, above taking a hint from us. Herr Behrens, Director-general of Coal Mines, and several other prominent German mining officials came over here last summer, and toured the coalfields of England and Wales. Their special object was to learn how our mine managers guard against those disastrous falls of coal and stones which cost so many lives under ground. The visitors took home bundles of drawings and photographs of the various props and pillars employed in our mines, and note-books full of information on this and similar subjects.

Our War Office might notice with profit the keenness of the German military authorities to learn anything they think we can teach them. All Europe acknowledges that the way in which we shipped our South African Army across six thousand miles of ocean was beyond praise. Germany asked permission to see how we did it; and put the theory into practice during her army manœuvres last summer. Transports were chartered, troops and stores embarked, and experiments carried out in landing troops on the coast of Pomerania.

The recent visit of eleven sturdy Berlin footballers to our shores is another proof of Germany's willingness to learn what we can teach her. These men were trained by a British professional, and though they have not had the advantage of playing, like their British opponents, from earliest youth, they showed plainly that they had profited by the instruction they had received from their British teachers. German footballers have adopted all our British football terms with one exception. They call their forwards "stürmer," which, literally translated, means "assailer."

In this matter of sport language we are certainly the schoolmasters of the world. The Frenchman has adopted our sporting vocabulary wholesale. "Le sport," "le yacht," "la boxe" are heard on every side in Paris. Over 2,500 British grooms and stable boys are in the service of wealthy Frenchmen, so no wonder that France takes her sport as well as her games direct from "perfidious Albion."

Even little Switzerland has developed an ambition to be classed as a sporting nation, and, quite recently, imported a pack of British hounds with huntsmen, whippers-in, and all accessories complete. They are to be used in the country near Geneva. It may be mentioned that, in return, the Berne Shooting Association is giving our War Office some hints on the organisation and management of rifle ranges. In the matter of marksmanship the Swiss have always been in the forefront since the days of William Tell.

Baron Kanda, of Tokio, arrived in London a few months ago, charged by his Government with discovering the best method of teaching English in Japanese schools. It appears that Japanese schoolboys put in an hour a day between the ages of twelve and seventeen at learning the English language. The Baron, who was himself educated in America, considers that the best text-books in use for teaching our language are those edited for use in our Indian schools.

Even Russia recently sent over to these shores a deputation charged with gathering certain information. The mission numbered eighteen, and their object was to gain an insight into British commercial methods, especially into the packing of goods for shipment to distant markets.

No other country in the world educates in its schools so many and so distinguished foreigners as does England. Harrow has had the honour of bringing up the heir apparent to the Siamese throne, son of King Chulalongkorn, while Prince Pyah, of Siam, cousin of the young Crown Prince, was for some time at Aldershot receiving mounted infantry instruction. Five other distinguished young Siamese, all of royal blood, were at Malvern a year or so ago. The head master of that college usually has about four of the Siamese royal family under his charge.

A man who can drag a carriage with his eyebrows—see the May ROYAL.

Questions worth answering

Half-a-crown is paid for every Question used, and two guineas a column for Replies.

REPLIES.

THE OLDEST FORCE STORAGE.

Which was the Earliest Attempt at the Storage of Force? (6006.)

The water-wheel is probably the eldest method of obtaining mechanical force apart from the employment of animal force. These wheels were no doubt at first worked by a flowing river, and then by a falling stream, and it would not be a very great advance on this method to dam back the stream so as to obtain a continuous supply of force even in times of drought. Such storing of water at a sufficiently high level is the simplest, and even at the present time, the most successful method of storing force. If carefully arranged the loss by evaporation and leakage is small, and may be partly or wholly replaced by rain, so the force is always available, and but little labour is needed to keep such works in repair. The water clock of the Romans was an elaboration of this method of storing force, and was for them the only form of "motor."

HEIGHTS OF FLIGHT.

What are the Average Elevations at which Birds Prefer to Fly? (6008.)

The birds which are most familiar to us seldom fly at a greater height than two or three hundred feet, except when migrating, and then they usually seek those currents of air which are most favourable to their flight. As a rule they do not care for elevations over a thousand feet, although herons, wild geese, and swans sometimes reach two thousand feet.

The highest flying birds are the carrion-feeders. The buzzard and the vulture usually take a range of from a mile to a mile and a half. They are gifted with extraordinarily keen vision, and they fly high for the purpose of extending their field of operations. The highest flying bird is the heaviest, the great Condor of the Andes. The writer of this reply has seen them floating like tiny specks in the sky from an elevation of 19,000 feet above the sea level, and Humbolt and other travellers have calculated that the condor is quite at home at a height of 27,000 feet or about five miles.

MOST BUSINESS-LIKE TOWNS.

Which British Town or City Manages its Affairs in the most Business-like Fashion? (6009.)

In this respect the two model cities in the kingdom are Birmingham and Glasgow. In Birmingham, for instance, the Corporation makes a handsome profit out of gas, but refrains from doing so out of water because it is a necessity of life—a magnificent reproof to London's corruption in this respect. It is the general opinion that no ratepayers get more for their money than those of Birmingham. Glasgow was first of the big cities with electric trams, and a municipal telephone service, and it supplies gas within the city area at 33 per cent. less than the rate at which it sells the same gas outside the limits. Liverpool and Birkenhead both possess very business-like governments. For instance, Birkenhead owns the Mersey ferries, and makes a clear profit of £12,000 a year out of them which goes to relieve the rates, and Liverpool makes £3,000 a year out of its art galleries alone.

POLITICS AND COMMERCE.

Does the Loss of Political Power always Involve the Loss of Commercial Power also? (6011.)

This is not invariably the case, except where a nation has, as a matter of policy, deliberately rendered its commerce subservient to its politics. This was what Rome did from the second century onwards, and, as a matter of course, trade languished as the Empire weakened. The Republics of Genoa and of Venice constitute further instances. So long as they restricted themselves to their own immediate concerns their business flourished; when they commenced to meddle in the affairs of the larger States by which they were surrounded, and to make their trade with them a ground for political claims, their commerce disappeared almost to vanishing point.

But where politics have been kept apart from mercantile matters the loss of weight in connection with the former does not necessarily injuriously affect the latter. Thus Sweden, which only two centuries ago was reckoned a Great Power, has nowadays little political influence, but its commercial power has increased immensely, particularly in connection with shipping, and the great supply of timber and iron, while the same may be said of Holland.

M.P.'S IN EXCESS.

Which Part of the British Empire Possesses the most Lavish Parliamentary Representation? (6010.)

First comes Australia, which, including Tasmania, has a population of about four millions, considerably less than that of London, yet the Commonwealth possesses no fewer than fourteen Houses of Parliament, with a total of more members than the British Islands with forty millions. Next comes Canada. The Province of Quebec, with 1,700,000 inhabitants, has ninety-eight members of its own, and is entitled to send twenty-four representatives to the Dominion Senate, and sixty-five to the House of Commons. Ontario, with less than two millions and a quarter of inhabitants, has ninety-two members of its own, and sends twenty-four to the Senate, and ninety-two to the Commons. Bermuda with sixteen thousand inhabitants has thirty-six elected members who are returned by an actual electorate of about nine hundred voters.

THE ORIGIN OF LIVERY.

Why do Male Servants Wear Livery? (6012.)

During the Merovingian and Carlovingian dynasties the custom of giving splendid dresses to all members of the Royal Household began. The nobility speedily followed suit, so that an Earl's son wore the livery of a Duke, and the son of an Esquire the livery of a knight, and cavaliers wore special coloured scarfs and ribbons, chosen and given to them by their mistresses. From this latter custom Dr. Johnson, in his "Dictionary," says that people of quality adopted a livery for their servants.

But it must also be remembered that in mediæval times the great lords kept huge bands of men—servants, called retainers, who were bound to fight in all the quarrels of their lords, as well as perform service of one sort or another, and on special occasions of show, dressed in the livery of their lord, became, in reality, a miniature army. In the reign of Henry VII. these retainers had to be abolished by law. Freemen of London's seventy-five guilds are still called Liverymen, and wear the livery of their respective companies. In later times, when wealth increased, neatness, smartness, and a desire for distinction have only confirmed what ancient customs started.

PING-PONG AND TENNIS.

Is it Probable that Ping-Pong will Prove Beneficial or otherwise to Out-door Tennis? (6013.)

It will probably make lawn-tennis more popular, but it will not have very much effect on the style of play. Those who have learnt to play and love ping-pong during the winter will naturally take an interest in an almost similar game like lawn tennis, and it is extremely probable that many who have not tried the latter game, inspired by their success in the indoor game, will give it a trial. Successful ping-pong players will, however, be somewhat disappointed, for the outdoor game demands quite different physical gifts for success.

In ping-pong the player must be able to see quickly and accurately at short range, but in tennis a longer sight is required to accurately follow the adversary's play, and this difference of eye is not commonly found in the same individual. Those succeed at ping-pong who can see well in a defective light, for the table is seldom really well-lighted, but the tennis player often plays in the sunlight, and he succeeds best in the outdoor game who can face a bright light. Ping-pong will, however, teach the art of "placing," the most important of tactics in both games, and, in this way, it may prove beneficial to lawn-tennis.

A WORD OF THE FAR PAST.

What is the Meaning of "Begone" in the Word "Woe-begone"? (6014.)

The word "woe-begone" is an interesting survival. "Begone" here represents the past participle of the Anglo-Saxon verb "began," to go round about; a word which has otherwise entirely disappeared from our vocabulary, but which has its analogies in such verbs as "beset," and "begird," in which the prefix "be" represents the modern preposition "by." A woe-begone countenance is thus that of a man compassed about with woe; though perhaps it is most generally used in a somewhat slighting manner, to imply that the appearance of grief is greater than the circumstances warrant. Thus it has partially undergone the same process of degeneration which has made "maudlin tears"—originally tears of penitence from Mary Magdelene—bear a contemptuous meaning.

THE SMALLEST WORLD-WIDE TRADE.

Which is the most Limited Trade that Sends its Productions to every Land? (6015.)

As regards manufactured articles, the answer would probably be the so-called Venetian glass beads which are made on the Island of Murano. For centuries these beads have been made in one place by the descendants of a few families, yet ever since Europeans began to trade with savage tribes these beads have been an almost universal article of barter, and since the present fashion of long necklaces strung with beads and charms has come into vogue in Europe the trade in them has been more widely extended still, though in recent years imitations of them have been made in Birmingham. Another strictly confined industry which is the centre of a world-wide trade is the cultivation and preparation of orris root, which is the basis of most manufactured perfumes. This is confined entirely to the districts round Florence and Verona.

The greatest of all industries, as regards quantity of output, is the cultivation of jute, which only comes to perfection in Bengal. The annual export is valued at six and a half million pounds. The raw product is used for an infinity of purposes, from gunny bags to praying-mats, and the trade in them is as wide as civilisation, yet the whole export is from one district. Of industries which are not manufactures, the water-marking of paper is the most circumscribed. Everyone uses paper, from note-paper to bank-notes, and yet there are only eight firms—not counting the Bank of England paper mills at Laverstoke—in the United Kingdom, which makes a speciality of this industry.

FELINE ALBINOS.

Are Blue-Eyed Cats Usually Afflicted with Deafness? (6016.)

As a general rule this is so, but the reason is somewhat obscure. It is well known that Albinos of all species, including men, are usually deficient in keenness of sense, and physiologists have partly succeeded in showing that this deficiency is due to the absence of black colouring matter in the blood. Darwin stated that this was universally true, but he afterwards found reason to modify his opinion. Another explanation depends on heredity. The famous Persian cats of pure breed are always blue-eyed, and always more or less deaf; in fact, they are the only species of cat that are universally so. These peculiarities have, of course, been transmitted in some degree to their more or less pure-bred descendents in this country, though the deficiency in hearing is said to be more marked in foreign bred Persians than in those raised in the native land of the species.

OUR BEST PAID POET.

Which British Poet Probably Made the most Money by his Writings? (6017.)

As the question only applies to poetical writings, the answer would probably be Byron. Murray alone paid him close on £20,000 in purchase money and royalties, and on one occasion the poet sent back a cheque for £1,000, which he considered to be an over payment. Scott would come next. He received about £15,000 in all for his poems. Of modern poets Tennyson and Rudyard Kipling would probably head the list. Tennyson made more than Kipling because his output was greater, but line for line Kipling has made more in proportion.

QUESTIONS.

6041. Which birds conduct their flights by order of sex?
6042. What invention did most to change the distribution of wealth among modern nations?
6043. Which distinguished Protestant was venerated after death as a Catholic saint?
6044. What animal has changed least since prehistoric times?
6045. When did women and children take part in the fortifying of London?
6046. Who introduced the menu card?
6047. How did the ancient artists depict Death?
6048. Does any animal signify anger by yawning?
6049. Where was there a house which was built entirely without nails?
6050. What would be the immediate effect on social and commercial life if everyone were to say strictly what he or she meant?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print a selection of replies to each question, and shall pay at the rate of £2 2s. a column for all matter printed. The same writer may send replies to any number of queries, whether his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

MOTHER: "Do you think that young man has saved anything?"

Daughter: "Undoubtedly, ma. He says he has never loved before."

LITTLE WILLIE: "Oh, pa, what is the difference between biography and autobiography?"

Pa: "Biography, my son, shows a man as he is, while autobiography shows him as he thinks he is!"

JOHNNY and Harry had been left at home with their big sister, mother having gone out.

At bed-time they wanted to "stay up for mother," but their sister relentlessly put them to bed.

Harry maintained a stolid indifference, but Johnny cried lustily.

Their sister listened at the foot of the stairs, hoping they would soon be good.

At last Johnny stopped, and the listener heard him say:

"You cry a bit, Harry; I'm tired!"

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FIVE SHILLINGS A DAY FOR LIFE.—A huge prize for a simple task.

Some Wily Warriors who have Given Britain Trouble.

THERE can be no doubt that were Christian de Wet to land in England to-morrow, and make a progress through our large towns, he would receive such a greeting and such a welcome as would surprise him, coming as it would from a generous foe. For whatever be the faults of we Britons—and we have some—want of appreciation of a brave man is not amongst them, whether that man be for us or against us.

We English have met our "De Wets" before. Now and then they have been on our side; often they have been on the enemy's. But we have seldom, even in half-civilised times, failed to honour their courage and tact, and to appreciate their work.

Probably our first "De Wet" was the gallant Hereward the Wake, a true Saxon to the core. What a pretty dance he led William the Conqueror after the fight at Hastings had, as William thought, settled his succession to the crown by the defeat and death of Harold! But Hereward got a body of men round him—tried men—and he fortified the Isle of Ely, amongst the Fens.

In vain did William try to dislodge him, to trap him, to conquer him. Hereward watched his opportunities, came down upon the unsuspecting Norman leaders just when he could best strike a blow, captured their men and stores, and harassed them on every hand, always escaping, just as De Wet has done in South Africa.

HEREWARD, THE ENGLISH "DE WET."

William offered him terms; he scornfully rejected them, offering his own in return. The Normans tried treachery, tried to get Hereward's men to betray him. Their plans failed; Hereward the Wake—*i.e.*, the "Watchful"—was not so-called for nothing! Every move of the foe he foresaw and provided for, and at last William agreed to accept his own terms of submission, and gave the brave Saxon large grants of land, thus allowing him to end his days in peace. In fact, the King offered to give him high rank and power at Court, but the Saxon refused this.

His descendants live to-day, the brave old family of Hereward Wake, of Courtenhall, Northamptonshire, and in memory of their great ancestor every son of the house since Norman days has been called "Hereward." The latest of them is to-day in the Transvaal, fighting for us just as his forefather did about eight hundred years ago, and every Briton knows that De Wet can meet no more appreciative foeman than Lieutenant Sir Hereward Wake.

The Welsh had a famous "De Wet" who did not fare so well in the end as did the Saxon Hereward. Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, gave the great Crusader, King Edward I., such a time as he had not had in all his fights in the Holy Land. Edward called Llewellyn to submission; the Welsh Prince refused to come except upon certain terms. Edward sent a force to bring him, but in vain; he had decamped into the hilly districts. Then, when all was quiet and Edward was congratulating himself upon the peaceful state of Wales, down came the Prince and his brother David from the Flint Hills, and put the garrison of Hawarden Castle to the sword. Another army from Edward, another ruse by Llewellyn, leading it further and further amongst the mountains, until at last it was surprised in the front and rear and totally routed.

GLENDOWER, THE WELSH "DE WET."

Then Edward swore a great oath, and sent forth a larger army, following himself as fast as State affairs would allow. But Llewellyn had retired to Anglesea, and the English had made a bridge of boats across the Menai Straits. Llewellyn kept himself and his men out of sight, yet watched this bridge. By showing himself at the proper moment to the English army he enticed the foe to cross the bridge while the tide was rising. Then, having let a portion of the enemy land, his followers swept down on the Anglesea end of the bridge, broke it, and the English soldiers crossing were all carried away by the strong currents of the Straits. The few who had landed were then cut to pieces by the Welsh.

Llewellyn kept Edward engaged for years. Finally he was betrayed by a follower, captured, and beheaded. But he is to-day the Welshman's hero, and justly so.

Wales, however, produced a greater "De Wet" than even Llewellyn was. Probably the greatest of all former "De Wets" of any country was the famous Owen Glendower. The stratagems by which Glendower defied such a man-of-war as Henry IV. for nearly ten years, and his warrior-son, Henry V., for another five years, have given Owen a right to be considered the most cunning and brave of all "De Wets" of the past.

How many times Glendower was "hemmed in," yet got away; how many times the war against him was "finished," yet he reappeared again when and where least expected; how many times he outwitted the crafty and bold Henry of Monmouth amongst those Welsh hills and marshes, are tales too long to tell. But it may be safely said that England owes Glendower a debt of gratitude, for it was he who really taught Henry how to use his brains as well as his strength in fight, and so led up to the glorious victory of Agincourt.

And all honour to brave, gallant Henry V. He recognised a noble foe when he met one. He offered Glendower a free pardon for all his past deeds; he even praised highly his skill and cunning. Owen could not accept terms of submission at any price, he said; he must remain quite free. But he let Henry know "on the quiet" that his stormy days were past, in the face of such a magnanimous offer, and it is pleasant to know that Henry no more molested the brave Welshman, and that Owen Glendower died peacefully at his daughter's home in Wales in the same year that his old opponent won immortal glory at Agincourt.

Scotland has given us William Wallace, who was a real "De Wet" in his methods of eluding the English and reappearing just where least expected. A braver soldier than Wallace can hardly ever have existed; he kept the spark of Scottish independence burning when it seemed that it must go out owing to the attacks of Edward I. upon it.

BRUCE, THE SCOTTISH "DE WET."

And then, too, there was Bruce, the man who could even be taught by a spider how to deal with the enemy, and was, like all brave and sensible soldiers, not too proud to learn from such a humble source. Bruce was a veritable "De Wet" of the first class in that troublous beginning of the fourteenth century. He made things hum all over Southern Scotland—hum for the English invaders! And, like the De Wet of to-day, he seemed to bear a charmed life, for capture him his foes could not. If they blocked up a cave where they had heard he was, somehow or other he passed through the floor or through the roof; at any rate, he was never inside it when they entered. And he won Scotland's independence and crown at Bannockburn.

For fourteen years a marvellous "De Wet" kept us going in Northern Africa, as his namesake has done in the South. It was with feelings of utter incredulity that Britain at last heard that Osman Digna had been taken and killed. He had so often been "taken," or been "about to be taken"; he had so often been "cornered," so often been "located," so often "surrounded," so often actually "killed." Yet he ever rose again from somewhere, and dropped with his desert followers upon unsuspecting British soldiers.

Yet he was a real soldier, a true "De Wet" of his time and country. We breathed more freely when we knew that his "final end" had truly come.

He Thought he Knew it all.

I knew a man who thought he knew it all.
He knew how earth became a rolling ball.
He knew the source and secret of all life.
He also knew how Adam came to fall.

He knew the causes of the glacial age
And what it was that made the deluge rage.
He knew—in fact, he knew just everything.
In his own mind he was earth's greatest sage.

His knowledge was of such stupendous girth,
It took in everything upon the earth
And in the heavens; but most strange of all,
He didn't know a thing of real worth.

He knew where people go when they are dead.
He knew all wonders ever sung or said.
He knew the past and future; but for all
He didn't know enough to earn his bread.

He was a marvel of omniscience.
He knew the secret of the hence and whence.
He was a bundle of great theories.
The only thing he lacked was common sense.

SOME people are so constituted that they can never see the bright side of anything but a sovereign.

"HARRY, love your little baby brother."
"What's the use? He wouldn't know if I did!"

EGBERT: "Know her?"
Filbert: "Yes."
Egbert: "Quite well?"
Filbert: "We were thrown together from the same motor-car."

LITTLE Tommy and his younger sister were going to bed without a light. They had just reached the bottom of the stairs, when Tommy, after vainly endeavouring to pierce the darkness, turned round and asked:

"Ma, is it polite for a gentleman to precede a lady when they have to walk in single file?"

"No, my son," replied the mother, "the lady should always take the lead."

"I thought so," said Tommy delightedly; "go ahead, Sue."

WHEN GUNS ARE ILL.

How and by whom they are Treated.

PERHAPS the most simple ailment to which guns are subject is rust. This is usually an external complaint, or skin disease. In cases of this kind, prevention is better than cure, and the ravages of our variable climate are resisted by various protective or preventive processes. "Browning" is one of these. It is a first-class rust-resisting composition, in appearance not unlike dark coffee-brown enamel. The ingredients, process of manufacture, and method of application, are jealously guarded secrets, known only to a select few, and handed down by them to their successors. "Blueing" is another protective process and also a secret one.

Small naval guns are sometimes polished, and their outer coats kept free from rust by constant burnishing. The reflection of light from the polished surface, however, prevents accurate sighting.

Guns mounted in exposed positions, or in damp casemates, are thickly coated with paint, which is constantly renewed to prevent rust.

The more serious ailments are those which affect the efficiency, accuracy, and safety of guns, and may be classed as internal disorders. They occur in the chamber, bore, and vent, and are caused by the corrosive action of the gases generated by the combustion of powder or cordite in the chamber and bore. The nature and extent of the complaints depend upon the strength of the charge, and whether a gas-check is, or is not used. The gas-check is a kind of copper lid screwed to the base of a projectile to prevent undue escape of propelling gases.

The chamber, which receives the cartridge or charge, suffers greatly from the corrosive action of the gases, which eat into the steel until it is full of little fissures, and sometimes resembles the bark of a tree in appearance. In its normal state it is, of course, as smooth as glass.

The vent is a thick copper tube into which the friction tube or other firing apparatus fits. It suffers most from corrosion, and the bore least of all.

After a prescribed number of rounds has been fired—which number is known only to certain officials, and varies according to the calibre—the gun is "searched."

The search is conducted by a civilian gun searcher, who takes gutta-percha impressions of the chamber, bore and vent to ascertain if any internal disorder has been set up.

The instrument used is a most ingenious contrivance. A smooth curved plate, about two feet long, and the radius of the bore in width, is supported upon a series of screws and parallel levers affixed to one end of a long rod. The levers are actuated by a handle, placed at the other end of the rod, which is turned to the right or left to elevate or depress the impression plate.

The gutta-percha is carefully warmed, kneaded to the consistency of dough, and placed upon the impression plate. It is smeared with a special preparation—another secret compound—to prevent adhesion to the gun. This done the plate is lowered, and the instrument inserted into the bore. When the suspected area has been reached, the plate is elevated until it presses tightly against the surface of the bore or chamber. It is allowed to remain for a short period, and is then withdrawn again. The resultant impression reveals the slightest flaw or fissure in the part.

The whole internal surface of the gun is similarly treated, and the impressions obtained are labelled and minutely examined by the Inspector of Warlike Stores—known to his subordinates as the "I. W. S."—who reports upon them to his superior.

The impressions having revealed the nature, location, and extent of the complaint, remedial measures are at once proceeded with.

Fissures in the chamber occur mostly in and around the vent aperture, and are primarily caused by the flame rushing over the top of the gas-check at the instant of combustion. These ruts and fissures vary in depth from one-sixteenth to one-eighth of an inch, and may extend the whole length of the chamber. They have to be filed out; an exceedingly tedious operation.

The machine used for the purpose consists of a clamping arrangement which grips the file, holding it in position while it is being drawn backwards and forwards against the affected part.

Years ago, gun-searching and repairing implements were very primitive indeed. Then there arose a clever Master Gun Searcher, who invented almost all the ingenious tools in present use. Whenever a special difficulty presented itself, he promptly overcame it; if a new tool were required to treat some new complaint, he immediately made it. The War Department, with characteristic generosity, condescended to appropriate his ideas, and forgot even to say so much as "Thank you!"

Gun searchers receive a similar training to fitters, but experience is absolutely necessary to efficiency. An ordinary fitter would be lost if set to search a gun. The superintending gun searcher is called the Master Gun Searcher; he is the repository of all the secret processes and compounds; but is not too well paid. The pay of a searcher varies from 5s. 9d. to 7s. per diem. The Master is a salaried official.

See the May ROYAL for an article on the children of our new ally, Japan, at school.

A set of Table Tennis will be given every week to the sender of the best paragraph for this page. Mark your envelopes "Ping-Pong."

Hats Off!

In Russia no man may enter a Government establishment without removing his hat, a rule which has caused some trouble, it appears, since the establishment of the Government spirit shops. There have been disputes between the officials behind the bars and the customers as to the removal of the headgear, with the result that the question was submitted to the Minister of Finance. That official has caused notices to be issued warning the public against any disrespectful demeanour while in the State public-houses, frequenters of which must in future remove their hats.

Destructive Fumes from Vesuvius.

Some time since it was discovered that the fumes emitted from Vesuvius contained a considerable quantity of hydrochloric acid, and when the "vapours" condense they produce what is described as "acid rain," which, it is not surprising to read, destroys all young vegetation, and also the vines of the surrounding country, which is becoming more and more desolate. The inhabitants are claiming indemnity at the hands of the Government, and experts in Rome are pursuing investigations in the hope of discovering a remedy for the trouble.

Not the Lesson he Meant.

A minister recently preached a sermon, and illustrated his point by saying—"You know you plant roses in the sunshine, and heliotrope and geraniums, but if you want your fuchsias to grow, you must keep them in a shady nook." After the sermon a woman came up to him, her face beaming with pleasure. "Oh, I am so grateful for that sermon," she said, clasping his hand and shaking it warmly. His heart glowed for a moment—only for a moment, though. "Yes," she went on, fervently, "I never knew before what was the matter with my fuchsias."

Real April Fools.

A second-hand bookseller played a peculiar first of April trick on the bibliophile section of the public. He ticketed a rare black-letter work, worth some ten guineas, at twopence. His intention was, should a patron attempt to secure the prize at that ridiculous sum, to explain that the card had been affixed by mistake. He waited on, but not a book-lover nibbled at the tempting bait. At last an old lady, who fancied the binding, made an abortive bid of a penny for the treasure! In time the bookseller affixed to the book a card inscribed with its proper value, and within an hour the quaint work was purchased at the quoted figure by an eager virtuoso.

How Sir H. Irving was Vaccinated.

Sir Henry Irving, in the course of an interview, told an amusing anecdote of an American doctor to whom he had written about a fortnight before he left America. He had asked the doctor in his letter to come and vaccinate him when his work was done, and just before he left for England the doctor arrived in due course and performed the operation. It appeared afterwards that he rushed straight off to a newspaper office and told them how he had been paying a casual call on Sir Henry Irving, who had held out his arm and been vaccinated on the spur of the moment without thinking twice about it. Sir Henry feels inclined to wonder whether American doctors carry lymph in their pockets for such emergencies.

A Novel Form of Dispersing News.

It is not quite clear why the city of Buenos Ayres should take a keener interest in the Boer war than any other places not immediately concerned. This is evidently the case, since the leading journal, the PRENSA, has seen fit to make special arrangements by means of which the public are informed at a moment's notice of any notable event in the fortunes of the armies. A high tower is part of the edifice in which the PRENSA is printed and published, and the top of the tower is used as a lighthouse, whence events are flashed upon the world by means of coloured fire. Thus a British victory is at once proclaimed by the appearance of a yellow light, and a Boer success may be read in a brilliant green flame. Enterprising editors on the look-out for new forms of advertisement might take a hint from the South American city.

A Wonderful Woman.

One of the most interesting women in America is Miss Helen Keller, who was born deaf, dumb, and blind. She is remarkable for her intelligence and attainments, and for the amiability of her disposition. In her the sense of touch has probably been developed as highly as it has ever been in a human being. Once she was one of a party who were shown over an "art store" in New York. In the statuary department she was able to say whose was every statue she examined: "This is dear old Beethoven," and so on. The principal of the establishment took two rings out of a case and gave them to her, telling her she could keep which she liked. She examined them very carefully, feeling every stone, and then said: "Well, as I like diamonds and turquoises better than pearls, I will keep this." She speaks mainly through an interpreter, but she has learnt to talk fairly well.

Natural Fountain Pen.

Fine needles grow in pairs in the same sheath, and when placed side by side the sharp pointed ends are exactly opposite. Fasten these two needles together by a thread quite near the pointed end, and you will have a pen with two sharp nibs, ready to write whatever you please. As penholder insert the pen into a hollow twig, letting the points stick out about half an inch. Dip your pen into an inkstand, letting it remain for a short time in the ink. The ink will rise by capillarity in the tube formed by the junction of the two needles, and will form a reserve of liquid sufficient for the writing of twenty lines. The pen is fine, simple, and won't rust.

Dictionary of Insults.

A German has just compiled a handy little book of insults. The work contains two thousand five hundred invectives, which are classed under the headings of insults for men, insults for women, insults for either sex, insults for children, and collective insults for syndicates, groups, or corporations.

Sense in the Remark.

An English sailor was watching a Chinaman who was placing a dish of rice by a grave. "When do you expect your friend to come out and eat that?" the sailor asked sarcastically. "Same time as your frien' come out to smellee flowers you fellow put," retorted Li.

Eagles to Draw Balloons.

Prof. Kaiser, a South German mechanical genius, has published a pamphlet on "How to Steer an Airship with Eagles." Prof. Kaiser says an eagle has sufficient strength to draw a balloon and, by means of numerous diagrams and elaborate calculations, he shows how eagles can be harnessed and the weights they can pull through the air. In spite of the ridicule with which the pamphlet has been received among technical aeronauts, Prof. Kaiser is training a team of eagles for a balloon which he has in readiness.

Ping-Pong Ball Secrets.

One of our trade secrets has remained undiscovered by the Americans, viz., how to produce xylonite ping-pong balls absolutely round. The British maker holds this secret very tight, and as a result exports gigantic quantities of the balls to the United States, where the game is in the full height of popular favour. The demand is such that no balls are kept in stock, every day the output of about 300 gross being sent direct from the factory. A week's output represents over £1,000. Since the game was invented some 8,000,000 balls have been turned out in England.

A Wonderful Arrow.

"An arrow, studded with the most costly of stones, tipped at both ends with pure virgin gold, and headed with the feathers of the rarest birds." Such is the description given of the "Polonzelo arrow," which, in 1434, was presented to Sir John Dalcourt by a Spanish gentleman. This wonderful arrow was made in 1204 by an ancestor of the Spaniard's, and every stone and jewel with which it was set was said to represent a human life cut short through its instrumentality. The stones indicated the number of men to whom it had carried death, whilst the curiously-fashioned gold and silver jewels represented the women who had fallen under its poisoned point.

Diet and Character.

An exclusively pork diet tends infallibly to pessimism. Beef, if persevered in for months, makes a man strong, energetic and audacious. A mutton diet continued for any length of time, tends to melancholia, while veal eaters gradually lose energy and gaiety. The free use of eggs and milk tend to make women healthy and vivacious. Butter used in excess renders its users phlegmatic and lazy. Apples are excellent for brain workers, and everybody who has much intellectual work to do should eat them freely. Potatoes, on the contrary, render one dull, invidious and lazy, when eaten constantly and in excess. To preserve the memory, even to an advanced age, nothing is better than mustard.

Bandsmen Don't Fight.

The continuance of the war is having a bad effect on the military musical instrument trade. Paradoxical as it may seem, this business flourishes best in times of peace. If it were the custom in the British Army, as it is in the German, to take the bands into action, the instruments by good luck might have been smashed up. But all such impediments are left at the depôt at the base in South Africa, whilst the bandsmen, to their mortification, are sent forward to act as stretcher-bearers and orderlies. Possibly this lack of musical enthusiasm on the part of the authorities is a mistake, and had the clarionet and trombone been sent along with the flying columns the stern breast of De Wet might have been "soothed," and the war ended twelve months ago.

The Cheapest Newspaper.

The farthing newspaper is at length an accomplished fact. One has been started in Vienna, and the first number was issued a few weeks ago. It is called DIE NEUE ZEITUNG, and is about two-thirds the size of an English half-penny daily. There are eight pages, three of which are devoted to advertisements and five to news. The newcomer is not a party organ, but will be generally progressive in tendency. The proprietor intends to give in tabloid form all the news printed by other journals, together with articles and generally interesting matter. There will be a morning edition and an evening edition, the latter published at noon. The fact that paper manufacturers hold a large interest in the property solves the most difficult part of the problem of making a farthing journal pay, for the cost of paper is, of course, one of the most important considerations. The proprietor, who was formerly the owner of a leading daily in Budapest, says that he requires a circulation of 80,000 daily to cover the bare cost of publication. This is an enormous circulation in Vienna, where the most popular paper at present does not exceed 50,000 per day, and where there are several dailies with a circulation of less than 10,000.

Cows with Rings.

The cows in Belgium wear earrings. The law decrees that every cow, when it has attained the age of three months, must have in its ear a ring to which is attached a numbered metal tag.

Lamplighter on Wheels.

A Parisian lamplighter makes his rounds on a bicycle, with a long torch carried over the right shoulder. He guides the wheel with the left hand, and is so expert that he lights the lamps without dismounting.

A Taxless Town.

Orsa, Sweden, has in course of a generation sold £1,150,000 worth of trees, and by means of judicious replanting has provided for a similar income every thirty or forty years. In consequence of this commercial wealth there are no taxes. Railways and telephones are free, and so are school-houses, teaching, and many other things.

A Find in Pretoria.

A soldier recently found in the ruins of a factory near Pretoria a small statuette of Kruger. On the base of this statuette, which was of terra-cotta ware, were the words, in Dutch—"P. Kruger, President of Cape Colony." The factory has apparently been largely, if not entirely, devoted to the manufacture of these statuettes, and it is very significant that it had been blown up by the Boers before our occupation of Pretoria.

A Curious Lamp.

A curious lamp has been constructed by a Professor. A glass globe placed on a metal stand is nearly filled with a liquid composed of luminous marine microbes. There are two tubes running from the globe, and through these a supply of air can be sent to the interior when the light grows dull, the effect apparently being to revivify the microbes. The light from this lamp will last for several weeks without renewal of the illuminating medium.

Ingenious Shopkeeper.

The other day a bootseller at Burton, who had been the victim of previous robberies from the outside of his shop, connected a pair of boots, by means of black thread, with a patent mousetrap inside the shop. When the boots were taken from the hook the trap inside announced the fact by a sudden snap. The prosecutor rushed out, and the property was found in the possession of a woman, who was promptly given into custody.

Up-to-Date Advertising.

The ECHO DE PARIS, which has newly installed itself in most handsome offices near the Opera, has devised a most curious and effective method of advertising itself, and informing the public at the same time. Each evening items of news are electrically flashed out along the balcony of the building, the lettering being formed of tiny incandescent lamps. For instance, the crowd gathered on the Place de l'Opera was able the other evening to read the cheering line—"Australia sends 2,000 men to South Africa."

Scent and Colour.

Out of the 4,200 species of plants gathered and used for commercial purposes in Europe, 420 have a perfume that is pleasing, and enter largely into the manufacture of scents, soaps, and sachets. There are more species of white flowers gathered than of any other colour—1,124. Of these 187 have an agreeable scent, an extraordinarily large proportion. Next in order come yellow blossoms with 951, 77 of them being perfumed. Red flowers number 823, of which 84 are scented. The blue flowers are of 894 varieties, 34 of which are perfumed, and the violet blossoms number 308, 13 of which are pleasantly odoriferous.

Like a Colour Merchant's Shop.

In a police-court in Manila not long ago there appeared a white American, an American negro, a Spaniard, a Filipino, and a Chinaman. The five stood up before the judge in a row and the combination looked like a congress of nations. The American accused the Filipino of stealing his trunk, which contained 75 dols. (£15). The negro and Spaniard were there to testify that the trunk had been stolen, while the Chinaman was a rank outsider, who was there for beating a Caribou, and stood up with the others thinking it was his case. The judge carried the case over to give the Filipino a chance to summon an East Indian and a Japanese for witnesses.

Poppies 2,000 Years Old.

The extraordinary resuscitating power of light received a very curious illustration a few years ago in the silver mines at Laurium. The mines had been abandoned more than 2,000 years ago as unworkable, and consisted for the most part of the "slag" produced by the working of the miners. An enterprising Briton discovered that the mines contained plenty of silver which could easily be removed by the superior modern appliances. He discovered, however, something far more valuable than the silver—viz., some poppies of a species which had disappeared for twenty centuries, the seed of which had lain dormant beneath the slag for 2,000 years. When the slag was removed to the furnace the next visit to the mine found the entire space covered with a most gorgeous show of poppies. After their twenty centuries' rest they had bloomed as vigorously as ever, without the aid of a single drop of water or any restorative other than the rays of the sun.

Eating in Old Times.

The Romans took their meals while lying upon very low couches, and not until the time of Charlemagne was a stand used, around which guests were seated on cushions; while the table only made its appearance in the Middle Ages, bringing with it benches and backs. The Greeks and Romans ate from a kind of porringer; during a portion of the Middle Ages, however, slices of bread cut round took the place of plates. The spoon is of great antiquity, and many specimens are in existence that were used by the Egyptians so early as the seventeenth century B.C. The knife, though very old, did not come into common use as a table utensil until after the tenth century. The fork was absolutely unknown to both Greeks and Romans, appeared only as a curiosity in the Middle Ages, and was first used upon the table by Henry III. Drinking cups—in the Middle Ages made from metal, more or less precious, according to the owner's means—naturally date from the remotest ages.

FIVE SHILLINGS A DAY FOR LIFE.—A huge prize for a simple task.

Queer Rules Imposed on Conquered Races.

THE fiat has gone forth, and henceforward, so far, at at all events, as the United States of America is concerned, the "painted savage" will be painted no longer.

He has also been forbidden to wear long hair, the penalty for non-compliance with the order being deprivation of rations, dismissal from Government employment, or confinement with or without hard labour in one or the other of the frontier guard-houses. The Indians of the Apache tribe have also been ordered to wear red turbans, under penalty of being shot on sight if found straying without them beyond the pale of their reservations.

This latter regulation seems a harsh one on the face of it, but its necessity is fully set forth in the Government proclamation decreeing it.

It appears that certain of these savages are still addicted to occasional raids, both against the white settlers and their neighbours, the Comanches. Many of them, on the other hand, are employed by the Government as scouts and teamsters. These are, of course, quite willing, nay, anxious, to adopt the distinguishing head-dress, as it will prevent them being mistaken for their wild and semi-wild brethren of the hills and the sierras. The only ones, therefore, who will venture out and about without it will be those on rapine and murder bent, and these will obviously deserve the fate with which they are threatened.

BURMESE OBJECTED TO CLOTHES.

It might be urged that even these latter might don the turbans on occasion, for the purpose of deceiving their victims. This, however, would quite defeat their object, as it would render them visible at an immense distance in the clear atmosphere of Arizona and New Mexico; and when dealing with an Apache, red turban or no red turban, to be forewarned is to be forearmed—this much, at all events, experience has taught the dominant races.

Nevertheless, the American Government may consider itself not unlucky if these, and other similar meddlesome decrees, do not provoke a general uprising. Nothing irritates savages more than wanton interference with their ancient customs. We ourselves have learnt this lesson to our cost.

In 1889, for instance, it was ordered that the wild Chin tribes of Upper Burmah should wear a certain distinctive loin-cloth, the object being to differentiate the more peaceable peasantry from the Dacoits who swarmed throughout the district. The only result, however, was to transform the entire populace into brigands and outlaws, the few who did adopt the obnoxious "garment" being promptly murdered by their own kinsmen.

To shoot a man for playing battledore-and-shuttlecock, seems, to say the least of it, rather hard lines. Yet such was the fate meted out not long since to several members of a certain Central African tribe by the Congo Free State authorities. The game had been introduced by somebody or other to the notice of the natives, and, both battledores and shuttlecocks being easy of manufacture, the entire community had given themselves up unreservedly to the novel and fascinating pastime.

CAMMAS COLLECTED PACKING-CASES.

The result was that the gathering of rubber was entirely neglected, and, as, of course, this would never do, the game was forbidden under penalty of death. Life is of little account, however, among the tribes of the far interior; the natives returned to their sport the instant their taskmasters turned their backs; and, in the end, the extreme penalty had to be exacted.

For a somewhat similar reason was issued the order forbidding the Cammas, a West Coast tribe, to make or be in possession of packing-cases. Among these savages there sprung up the curious custom of collecting immense quantities of these wooden boxes, wherein to store property which might at some future date be possibly acquired. To such extraordinary proportions did the craze for possessing them grow, that the natives thought of little or nothing else, save how to add to their stock.

The rank and importance of a man in the community came to be assessed according to the size of his collection of packing-cases. It mattered not that practically all of them were empty. Cammas politeness affected to believe that they were full. Eventually, so great did the danger become of a serious conflagration on account of the enormous accumulation, that the Portuguese authorities confiscated the entire lot, and, as has been said, forbade the acquisition of any others for all time.

Very elaborate and exceedingly cruel was the tyranny imposed by the late Mahdi upon the inhabitants of the territories he overran. Every detail of the daily lives of the conquered was carefully regulated, and the punishments decreed for any infraction of the hundreds of rules were frequently atrocious. Thus, the men were forbidden to smoke or chew tobacco, to sleep on a bed, to use hashish in any form, or to wear new clothing, and anyone found so doing received eighty blows of the kurbash. So severe was this punishment, as inflicted by the dervishes, that offenders mostly died ere its completion, but the full number of lashes was nevertheless invariably given.

The women, too, were almost as badly served. The young Sudanese damsels, for instance, have from time immemorial been fond of wearing over their own hair a species of huge wig, made from goats' hair, curled and plastered with gum. This was strictly forbidden, and woe to the woman who thus adorned herself; not only was her false hair forcibly torn from her, but her real hair as well. The wearing of gold and silver ornaments was punishable with death; and the same fate awaited a married woman who presumed to cut her nails, save in her husband's presence and with his sanction.

Young women were forbidden to walk about with uncovered faces: an unveiled woman was considered to be naked, and might lawfully be put to death for her fault by any passer-by; but if she wore a veil and the rest of her body were unclothed, it was not an offence. Even children were not forgotten. They were not to be given sweets or allowed to play with toys save on certain stated days, nor to wear turbans or sandals.

THE KOLARIANS HAD TO BE DIRTY.

Never, however, in the whole history of the world, have harsher repressive measures been dealt out to a conquered people by their conquerors, than those imposed upon the Kolarians of Bengal by their Aryan masters. They were declared by solemn proclamation unclean. Anyone might kill them, without the need of alleging a motive, and without, of course, any fear of punishment. Yet few were slain, for who would soil his hands by striking them? It was a defilement even to spit upon them; and that their own saliva might not infect the earth, they were commanded under pain of death by burning to carry a spittoon on their persons. Should a necessity arise for touching them it must be done with a red-hot iron.

They were forbidden to build their dwellings with stone, or of several storeys, or to cover them with anything but thatch. They were forbidden to have whole vessels; they must use broken crockery. They were forbidden to wear jewellery of gold or silver, or any ornaments, except in brass, glass, or iron. The women were forbidden to cover their breasts, to wear shoes, to indulge in the luxury of a parasol, or to wash their clothes. The only vesture allowed the men was straw, odds and ends, the tatters of the dead, or the rags left behind by executed criminals.

They were expressly enjoined to dwell in dirt and stench, and away from all villages inhabited by worthy folk; to speak with their hand before their mouth, and then only to express themselves in their own dialect; the noble speech of the conquerors must not be borne on polluted breath over those unclean lips. Let them not presume to say: "I, my rice, my wife, my children," but let them ejaculate in their gibberish such expressions as these: "Your slave, my dirty mess, my she-ape, my mangy puppies."

Sorry She Read It.

EVERY letter received in a certain home for girls is opened and read aloud by the girl to whom it is addressed, in the presence of the superintendent—a pretty young lady of good birth and breeding, who has voluntarily assumed her arduous duties through a sincere desire for the welfare of her sex.

As a rule the girls are only too happy to read their letters to her, and it rarely happens that they wish to keep back their contents. The other day, however, as a rosy-cheeked damsel neared the end of a letter from a young man of her acquaintance, she blushed vividly and tried to hide the sheet of notepaper under her apron.

"It's the postcript I daren't read to you, miss," she confessed, when reminded that she was violating the rules. "Jim is such a forward young man."

"Then allow me, dear," said the superintendent, and she gently took the letter from the girl's fingers, and read aloud, with an ever-deepening colour, the postscript which the bold, bad Jim had written:

"That little superintendent of yours is a darling," he concluded. "Is she walking out with anybody yet? If not, edge in a word or two for me. I've throwed Liz over."

THE face of a cheque is its fortune.

"I ADMIRE that pianist's finish. Don't you?"
"Yes, but I always dread his beginning."

"MEDICINE," says a little girl to her playmate, "is something that makes you be careful not to catch cold again."

HIS WORSHIP: "I must really make an example of you—you are here so often."

Prisoner: "Don't be too 'ard on me, guv'nor; you ain't 'ad any trouble with me for eighteen months. Why, I only came out this morning!"

ONE DAY IN PARADISE.

By Clement Scott.

SOME winters ago I visited the slums of Shadwell, accompanied by an old friend and excellent good fellow, Archibald Brown, the great preacher of the east of London.

We found in a lonely attic a woman far beyond middle-age working like the veriest slave for bare existence, toiling at her sewing to be able to take so many shirts to the master and so many pence back to her desolate room to keep body and soul together. This treadmill task had been hers the whole of her life, and up to that moment she had never seen the country, never looked upon a green field or hedge. Stitch! stitch! stitch! walk! walk! walk! for a woman's lifetime!

I said she had no companion. I am wrong. The companion of her solitude had died that morning. It was a little canary—the only voice that had cheered her lonely heart—and there it lay in the cage, a little soft heap of yellow feathers. Thank God, we were able to send the poor soul for at least one day in the country, and when she returned another canary was singing in the empty cage.

And now for the other picture, illustrating the pathos of joy. It was on one of our fresh air excursions.

The vans had arrived at the gate of a field, in which you could scarcely tell the golden buttercups from the emerald-green grass. To this paradise of flowers, under this blue sky, on this heavenly day, amidst the exquisite scent of Nature, arrived a little girl who had never seen the country in her life.

I watched the child intently. She toddled through the gate into the buttercup meadow speechless, and as in a dream. She wandered on with the fresh grass and buttercups almost to her little waist. She looked round where her companions were playing, and gave a stifled inarticulate cry of almost painful joy, and then, flinging her little body on the grass, sobbed as if her tiny heart would break. I shall never forget that child's sob of thanksgiving whilst I live. For that it was.

And it was to win these sobs of thanksgiving from little children that the FRESH AIR FUND was invented. The God of Nature has prospered it. The noble little pioneer movement of a few years ago, when a mere handful of boys and girls and cripples met in the heart of Epping Forest, has advanced by leaps and bounds.

How well I remember the day when the little army of released London children, the band playing, the flags flying, children—some shoeless, some hatless, mostly patched and darned children, the active ones in front shouting and cheering, and the cripples in their perambulators forming the rear guard of the FRESH AIR FUND Army.

How they enjoyed themselves, how they tucked into the meat pies and cake, how they revelled in the fresh milk after their excursions after frogs, sticklebacks, and wild flowers, how delighted they were when one of the kindly assistants gathered them round in a circle, and there they sang songs and hymns, and someone told them a story, or someone else played or sang to them, until the sun died down behind the old oaks, and, wearied out, the delighted and contented children went back to London town with something of the original angel restored to them, with quickened imaginations and a securer faith in Providence.

And so the FRESH AIR FUND grew and prospered. The FRESH AIR FUND has extended its beneficent arms. and taught the huge provincial centres how to give an imprisoned child a joy unspeakable, for threepence less than a shilling.

But there is no end, I can tell you, to the powers of organisation developed by the FRESH AIR FUND. To spare ninepence is to give one child a day in the country, a ramble, a shout, a hearty meal, and a sleep more blessed—with sweet dreams in it—than the child has ever experienced before.

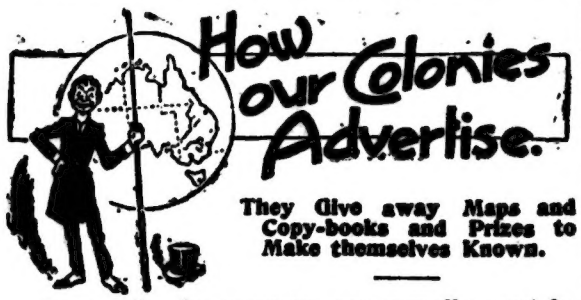
But I shall be told that it is easy enough to "pump up" sentiment, but the great thing is to be practical. It is this very practical quality that I so much admire in the founder of the movement. He has provided some handy collecting forms so that any human being—man, woman, boy, or girl can collect pennies, and pennies mount into ninepences, and each ninepence is a child's holiday, so that to be without a FRESH AIR FUND Collecting Form is absolutely inexcusable.

Who knows what a little self-denial might result in? A walk to work and back again instead of a ride these lovely spring mornings; a glass or two less at dinner in the course of a week; the sacrifice of an occasional cigar. Well, you know, these good works might mean ninepence, and then during the next Sunday pipe, when the blue smoke is going up in rings and curls, you will see mirrored in the smoke that picture I drew you of the little London child in the buttercup meadow, crying for the very joy of existence.

The sum of ninepence paid down will secure the holiday, and the FRESH AIR FUND will do the rest. There will be no need of any further assistance or thought, and the little one will come back safe and sound, blown sweet by the May breezes and the flowers of spring. "God bless the FRESH AIR FUND," say I. And I have no doubt whatever of the result of such a prayer, by whomsoever uttered.

[*Collecting forms will be sent, post free, on application to the Hon. Sec.*, FRESH AIR FUND, *Henrietta Street, London, W.C.*]

In the May ROYAL appears an illustrated article on people who have braved the terrors of Niagara.



They Give away Maps and Copy-books and Prizes to Make themselves Known.

FEW realise the enormous sum annually spent by British colonies in their endeavour to obtain desirable emigrants. Canada alone (according to Mr. Preston, Commissioner of Emigration) spends over £100,000 per annum in emigration work and self-advertisement.

The Canadian Government supplies gratis to more than 3,000 schools in Great Britain a neat little atlas and a reader, dealing mainly with Canada. The department, moreover, expresses itself anxious to send the books to 12,000 more head-masters, but as it is not possible to supply copies for every individual child in every school, the High Commissioner sends sufficient for the largest class, and thus the books can also be used for smaller forms.

In order to foster an additional interest in Canada the Government has offered (through Lord Strathcona) a handsome bronze medal for competition in each school in which the free text-books have been used. At the end of the Easter term examinations will be held, and the two best papers on Canada in each school will then be forwarded to the High Commissioner, who will personally decide to which of the competitors the medal shall be awarded.

CANADA GIVES AWAY MAPS.

Perhaps the most ingenious form of advertisement adopted by Canada is an artistic copy-book, which is supplied free, in thousands, to British schools. Profusely illustrated with Canadian views, the copy-books contain, instead of the customary stale maxims, such phrases as: "Canada, the chief colony of Great Britain"; "A Briton is welcomed in Canada"; "Free homesteads are given to settlers in Canada"; "June, when Canada blooms with roses"; "Peaches and grapes grow in the open air in Canada"; "Zeal in farming pays in Canada," and so on.

The Dominion's latest novelty in advertising is a large wall map of Canada, which will be supplied gratis to schools, libraries, mechanics' institutes, and similar institutions throughout the United Kingdom. Canada claims that her free school book scheme should benefit the entire Empire, for the more the rising generation knows about the colonies, the more likely are those boys and girls, who may later on decide on emigration, to remain subjects of King Edward VII.

In common with most other of the colonies, Canada organises lectures, and supplies free to responsible applicants lantern slides of Canadian scenery. There are annually scattered broadcast throughout Great Britain thousands of handbooks containing an offer of a homestead of 160 acres of land to every male settler over eighteen years of age. In return the latter is expected to cultivate his property for at least six months in each year for three years, when, upon a payment of £2, the Crown grants him "letters patent," which is absolute title.

VICTORIA KEEPS A SHOP.

Canada is the only colony to go out of her way to attract foreign emigrants, notably Germans, Scandinavians, and Americans. For example, the population of Waterloo County, Ontario, is almost wholly of German origin. Over 50,000 American settlers from the States of Nebraska, the two Dakotas, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Utah, have been attracted to Canada during the past four years, and it is confidently expected that no fewer than 30,000 more will this year become loyal subjects of the King. A colony of Mormons has turned a wilderness in Southern Alberta into a land of plenty. The city of Cardstown has been founded and more than £100,000 of American capital has been spent in irrigation works. It is interesting to note that a prominent member of this Anglo-Mormon colony is the husband of Brigham Young's sixty-second child.

The Australian Colonies estimate that they have expended upwards of £10,000,000 in promoting emigration. Victoria, besides making great use of lantern-slides and handbooks, maintains a mining expert in London, who is always willing to supply all possible information respecting the mining resources of the colony.

Victoria, too, is the only colony to advertise herself by means of a shop in the City. This establishment is situated in Leadenhall Street, and in its window are displayed samples of the colony's products. On inquiring within one may obtain, free of cost, full details regarding agriculture, horticulture, viticulture, and sericulture (the breeding of silkworms), and other Victorian industries.

New South Wales is also a believer in the efficacy of free lantern slides, and is a colony that advertises her charms, not only in Britain but also on the Continent. A book entitled the "Mother Colony" was translated into French and was at considerable expense distributed among the reference libraries and public institutions of France. Moreover, copies of the "Australian Year Book" are annually bought by the Government of New South Wales, and are forwarded gratis to various leading Continental reference libraries.

Perhaps the most widespread advertisement issued by the Government of Queensland is the map of that colony, which has been exhibited, at one time or other, on the walls of every post office in England, Scotland, and Wales. Queensland is also a great believer in making known her attractions by means of extensive exhibits at the great exhibitions.

Few colonies have a more indefatigable agent-general in London than has South Australia. Any interesting item of news relating to the colony is at once communicated by him to all the newspapers. Exhibits are made at all large exhibitions, but in the opinion of the agent-general himself, South Australia's best advertisement is the way in which she promptly pays the interest on her public debt.

In order to acquaint the managers and teachers of continuation schools with her system of free lectures and lantern slides, Tasmania writes frequently to the Scholastic Press. Slides are made up into sets of fifty and are forwarded to applicants carriage paid, together with a pamphlet designed to assist the lecturer in his discourse.

LANTERN SLIDES AND RAILWAY GUIDES.

New Zealand advertises herself by means of lantern slides, lectures, and handbooks, and it is a curious fact that the little-emigrating countries of Austria, the Balkan States, and France supply her with a large proportion of her foreign colonists.

In addition to lending lantern-slides, Natal issues many handbooks about herself. Her agent-general has found that the artistic illustrated railway guides, brought out by the Natal Government Railways, have done infinitely more to encourage immigration than blue-books and similar literature.

A most interesting photographic album, entitled "The Battlefields of Natal Re-visited," has, however, recently been distributed in large numbers among libraries and public institutions, and a combined geography and history book, "Natal, the Land and its Story," has been written by a superintendent of education in the colony, with a view to encouraging immigration. Like other colonies, Natal finds that of foreign immigrants the most desirable are Germans and Scandinavians. A thriving colony of Norwegians exists at Marburg, in the south-west of Natal.

For obvious reasons Cape Colony is at the present time not on the hunt for immigrants, but the recently appointed agent-general informed the writer that he was giving the matter of immigration his best attention, as a great inrush is expected at the close of the war.

Wouldn't Commit Himself.

THERE is, in a town in the North, a certain preacher, of Hibernian antecedents, who considers himself to be a speaker of perfect English, but who is generally credited with the possession of as rich a brogue as can be found anywhere in Tipperary.

Some mention was made of his peculiar pronunciation at a church meeting, which greatly angered him. He immediately called upon one of the members, and, after complaining of the injustice done him, asked him whether, in his opinion, a single trace of the brogue was to be observed in his speech.

"Well," his friend answered, "if you wish to deny it, I should advise you to do so in writing."

AFTERNOON CALLER: "Is Miss Lippitt disengaged?"

Nanette: "I'm afraid so, ma'am. I just seen her young man hurry down the front steps with the diamond ring she's been wearing since Christmas."

WHAT is home without a fashion paper? Here we pick up one of these valuable journals, and this is the first item of important information which meets the inquiring eye:

"Hair is worn on the top of the head." So glad to learn it. We always supposed it was worn on the soles of the feet.

A BOY of eight years was asked by his teacher where the zenith was. He replied: "That spot in the heavens directly over one's head."

To test his knowledge further, the teacher asked:

"Can two persons have the same zenith at the same time?"

"They can."

"How?"

"If one stand on the other's head."

MR. DE LONE (on being introduced): "Miss Coquette and I have met before."

Miss Coquette (coldly): "Yes, I remember now."

"We will let bygones be bygones, for time heals all wounds; and no doubt I was a very silly boy at the time."

"Boy?"

"I must have been; it was ten years ago, and your reason for refusing me was that you were old enough to be my mother."

WHY NOT A MUTUAL FRIEND AGENCY?

How Business Men might Benefit each other, and Ardent Lovers Get to Know Eligible Sweethearts.

IN every department of life, there is a crying need for mutual friends. A young man wants an introduction to this person or that, whose influence may be vital to his progress in life, yet years and years elapse, and he gets no nearer to knowing them. If he introduces himself, he is liable to a rebuff, or even if received, his request for assistance will be treated in a very different way than if he asked it as a friend.

Then, in the department of love, how many young lives might be sealed with happiness if only the mutual friend were forthcoming! A man continually sees a girl who greatly attracts him, and from her demeanour, the thing is apparently mutual. Yet days, weeks, and even years may pass, and they may never know each other, through the terrible law of conventionality. He may see her in his daily train or 'bus, at his tea-shop, or perhaps, place of business, and they may watch each other, grow old even, and yet remain unknown. If they only had a mutual friend who would effect an introduction, their lives might be made happy.

There are innumerable instances of the uses of mutual friends. Mr. A knows something likely to be of confidential interest to a Mr. B, yet his information is too intimate for him to deliberately introduce himself and divulge it. Mr. B might resent the interference in his affairs of a stranger, however well meant, and even suspect his intentions. All this would be removed if the two men were introduced by a mutual friend, and A were able to tell B what he knows under the seal of friendship.

There is only one way out of this difficulty and that is a Mutual Friend Agency. The following are the lines on which such an agency should be conducted:

The chief capital in hand should be a thousand or so amiable, tactful, sociable people of all ages and both sexes. These should be placed, for a consideration, at the disposal of clients. They might be classified into Ordinary and Preference Mutuals.

The Ordinary Friends would be just everyday, casual people, who could undertake any kind of introduction job without special qualification. Preference M.F.'s would, of course, be let out at a higher rate, and would have to be specially equipped with tact, intelligence, or personal charms.

Then premises should be taken in some leading thoroughfare, a staff of clerks engaged, and books, forms of application, and all other necessary literature printed.

Supposing the affair is a matter of business. A has reason to believe that if he met B over a cigar and cup of coffee, an arrangement might be come to of considerable benefit to both. He proceeds to the Agency, and is handed a form to fill up. He has to state his age, profession, career, qualities (social and otherwise—ping-pong a speciality), and also name his leading relations and friends, and their positions. He would have to state the sex of the mutual friend he required to introduce him to the other man, and this might be either male or female in this case. Any extra particulars you would fill up in a special column.

Then he would have to describe in detail the person to whom he wanted the introduction, his family associations, position, means, and everything about him. Having done this, he would pay his initial fee to the Agency, and await developments. In a week or so, the chances are that A and B would have not only smoked one cigar and drunk one cup of coffee together, but smoked themselves dry and emptied three coffee urns, besides fixing up the matter of business.

How would the thing be done? Well, directly A's forms were filled up, the Secretary would send for the Mutual Friend best qualified to undertake the business. He would first call on A and shake hands as an old school friend or something of the kind, and A would explain to him all about the fellow he wanted to know. Then he would set to work, would worm his way into the latter's set, by means of his large circle of acquaintances—and other mutual friends—then would become extremely intimate himself with the fellow in question, would ask him to dinner, to meet an old friend of his (A, most charming fellow, and so on), and well, the two would meet, and there you are.

Miss Madge Morris lately discussed the problem of a young man knowing a girl in business, but wishing to get to know her socially. I don't want to interfere with our fair Love Expert's department, but think the Mutual Friend Agency would soon put that matter right. The man would do exactly the same as in the first mentioned case. He would fill up forms, and the rest, and the Agency would select one of their stock of mutual friends, in this case a lady, as the question of chaperonage would arise.

She would find out who was her aunt, or sister-in law, or grandmother, and, having run them to earth, would simply apply the ordinary methods of the Agency. That is to say, she would get to know these persons by going and living in their neighbourhood, and calling, after approved principles, as a new neighbour, would follow this up by getting to know the young lady in question, and giving an "At Home" herself, at which both the young lady and the young man would be present.

FIVE SHILLINGS A DAY FOR LIFE.—A huge prize for a simple task.

"As a Man Sows."

Flash Meg.

POWERFUL NEW SERIAL.

Beware the woman with ruddy hair,
For her hate is red, and she weaveth a snare
That spelleth woe to Malyon's heir.

Extract from a document in the possession of the Malyon family.

By the author of "Fettered Lives."

Reuben Grimwood.

FOR NEW READERS.

GILBERT MALYON, Sir Royle Malyon's son and heir, has been untrue to Nell Riordan, a cottager's daughter living on his father's estate. An attractive exterior covers a blackguard and a coward. Luke Riordan, in whose veins flows gipsy blood, is searching for him. "He'll have to come back along with me," he tells Sir Royle, "and marry my sister Nell, else, sure as there's a God above us, I'll swing for him!" The Malyon estates are entailed. Sir Royle has practically disowned, but cannot disinherit his reprobate son—except with his own consent.

Fear of Luke Riordan has so preyed on Gilbert Malyon that he has exiled himself to an obscure sea-side place in Normandy, where he passes under the name of Geoffrey Marsh. His dual identity is known only to Jonas Gride, a money-lending solicitor.

One night, Malyon, cycling in Normandy under his alias, is overtaken by a storm, and seeks shelter at the first house he encounters. In the intense darkness he makes for the nearest point of light, and peers through a chink in the shuttered window. A ghastly sight paralyses him. A man in evening dress lies back in a chair, dead, his shirt-front red with blood. Then a woman, hooded and cloaked, her face invisible to the unseen watcher, glides in and fires the room by dashing the lamp to the ground. Gilbert Malyon reels away from the window, misses his foothold, and falls. As he rises a lightning flash splits the dark. A woman is moving towards him. Only a brief second of light; but her beautiful, cruel face—surrounded by red-gold hair—is printed indelibly on his mind. Then he is stunned by a blow from behind.

Sir Royle Malyon reads an account of a grim mystery, the mystery of La Maison Rouge, near Bonneville, in Normandy. He little dreams that the Geoffrey Marsh who figures in the narrative is his son. It is a complete mystery. Fire has swallowed up all trace of the crime. The murdered man was a Mr. Murthwaite, an eccentric recluse. The investigation is in the hands of Charbonel, a famous French detective, who has practically nothing to go upon but Geoffrey Marsh's description of the woman's face.

Mr. Reuben Grimwood, M.A., one of life's semi-failures, and Sir Royle's secretary, is compiling a history of the Malyons from the family records. He discovers a curious doggerel rhyme, foretelling that a woman with ruddy hair will spell woe to Malyon's heir. He is also interested in certain plate melted down in the reign of Charles I.

A year passes. Nell Riordan has died, and is buried in Rushford churchyard. Sir Royle is on the eve of marriage with a beautiful woman with red-gold hair, a widow he has met abroad. The night before the wedding a deformed dwarf steals into the churchyard and strews flowers on Nell Riordan's grave. Next day the villagers and tenants are waiting outside the church for Sir Royle and his bride. Sir Royle leaves the church, his bride on his arm. Suddenly she pauses, and stares horror-stricken towards the Malyon vault. Carved in the granite are the words—"Murder will out!"

The scene changes to London. Jack Halward, bound for America to sell his ranche in order to realise his capital wherewith to get married, is saying good-bye to Grace Deane, his *fiancée*. Grace Deane, pretty, lovable, a little vain, a little weak, is returning sorrowfully to Blackley's, the big shop where she is employed, when an attractive, good-looking young man saves her from being run over. It is Gilbert Malyon, who has secretly come to London to raise money. He introduces himself as Geoffrey Marsh. When Halward returns, six months later, Grace has eloped, leaving a letter asking for forgiveness. She has married Gilbert Malyon as Geoffrey Marsh, knowing nothing of his real identity. Halward goes out into the night broken-hearted. He finds himself in a slum. A drunken seaman, armed with a knife, chases a wretched woman out of a public-house. Another woman, splendid-looking and wild, keeps the drunkard at bay. She is Flash Meg, thief and decoy. Halward closes with the man, smashes the knife out of his hand, and stuns him. He is wounded in the arm. Flash Meg binds it up with her scarf.

"You were splendid!" says Halward, a man of pluck and a lover of pluck. "It's you who were splendid!" mutters Flash Meg after he has gone, and then makes her way to a second-hand furniture shop in none too respectable a quarter owned by Bartholomew Boote. Mr. Boote has a visitor who leaves stealthily without being seen by Flash Meg. It is Reuben Grimwood, M.A., Sir Royle's secretary.

A year elapses. Grace Deane, now Grace Marsh, is a mother of a little son. She little dreams that he is a Malyon and next heir after his father to the Malyon estates. She knows her husband's true character now. Lady Malyon is also a mother. She loves her son fiercely. She hates Gilbert Malyon, whom she has never seen, for standing between her child and the succession to the title and estates.

A caravan is drawn up outside Rushford. Its occupant whispers the name of "Grace" in a reverie.

Lady Malyon questions her husband about Gilbert. He shows her a photograph. She turns white as death. At that moment the butler enters and whispers to Sir Royle that Gilbert has arrived and is in the library. Sir Royle tells his wife. Her terror increases.

"That face!" she hisses, staring at the photograph after Sir Royle has left to interview his son. Then she clutches her side. Her own photograph stands on a table in the library.

Lady Malyon steals out into the night. She must find out what is passing in the library. As she nears the windows, a figure, unperceived, creeps away into the shrubbery. She overhears a conversation between Sir Royle and Gilbert. Gilbert has committed forgery. Sir Royle is willing to buy back the forgery, and make him a liberal allowance, if he will consent to the cutting of the entail. But it will be invalid if he, Gilbert, is married and has legitimate issue. Gilbert Malyon denies his wife and child twice. For a moment, thinking of her own child, Lady Malyon forgets the photograph. Then Gilbert moves up the room and sees the photograph. He snatches it up. "In Heaven's name, who's this woman?" Sir Royle answers "My wife!" Gilbert has recognised the photograph. It is the likeness of the woman of La Maison Rouge!

He is on the point of revealing the truth to his father when he remembers that, if he does so, he will betray himself. He will have to make known the fact that he is the Geoffrey Marsh connected with the Bonneville mystery, and Geoffrey Marsh is married and has a son. For the sake of the money his father has offered him, he means to give wife and child the slip. Grace Marsh knows nothing of his real identity. As he drives away to the station he tugs at a ring on the little finger of his left hand; but cannot draw it over the knuckle. It is a thick ring. The two hands that clasp together draw apart, and beneath are two hearts on which are engraved the words "Grace—Geoffrey. Married. Sept. 16th, 1900."

Grace Marsh is living, broken-hearted, at Vilneux, a little village in Normandy. She is visited by Charbonel, the famous French detective, who asks her to ask her husband, when he returns, to send him word whether the woman of La Maison Rouge, when she fired the house by dashing the lamp to the ground, used her right hand or her left.

The occupant of the caravan outside Rushford proves to be Jack Halward. On his way to the village he has given a lift along the road to a gaunt-faced, dusky tramp. It is Luke Riordan. He pays a visit to his sister's grave where he meets Seth Scarfield, a little cripple, who had loved the dead woman; then Riordan steals away to Malyon Hall in hope of gleaning tidings of his sister's betrayer.

It was he who stole away from the library window at Lady Malyon's approach, but not before he recognised Gilbert Malyon, for whom he has hunted for well-nigh two years. He tries to cut off the carriage that carries Gilbert to the station but he is too late! But he does not despair of his revenge. He knows of a short cut, and breaks into a dogged trot.

"God help Gilbert Malyon if he meets Luke Riordan to-night!"

The train that Gilbert Malyon anticipates catching no longer stops at Rushford Station, owing to a recent alteration in the time-table. He finds himself stranded. The carriage has already driven away. The village is impossible to him; so is the Hall, after what has passed between his father and himself. He determines to walk to Wellborough, the nearest large town. There is a part of the road that is dark with the boughs of over-arching trees.

Halward, in a sleepless mood, strolls along the station road. Suddenly revolver shots and cries for help ring out from the darkness. He discovers Gilbert Malyon, stabbed twice, in a dying condition. He carries him to his caravan. Gilbert whispers the name of Luke Riordan, then—"Warn the governor—photograph—that the woman of La Maison Rouge—God help him!" And after that he whispers—"Tell the governor—it was a lie—entail—my wife and child!" With his last breath he asks Halward to take care of his wife and child. The news of Gilbert's death is borne to the Hall. Lady Malyon tells herself that her child is heir now!

Meantime, in London, Flash Meg informs Bartholomew Boote that she is going to take a holiday and is about to set out for Rushford with some show-people, friends of hers.

Lady Malyon's two thoughts now are that her child is heir and the danger that threatened from Gilbert is averted. She is in the library when the butler enters and announces that Mr. Halward wishes to see Sir Royle. He falters out that Mr. Gilbert spoke his last words in Mr. Halward's arms.

A shadow crosses Lady Malyon's face.

CHAPTER X.

Jack Halward Interviews Sir Royle and Lady Malyon.

"I WILL see him here, Miles. But wait!" Sir Royle turned to his wife, "Clare, you had better go!"

"No, Royle," she whispered, "let me stay! It is right that I should. My place is by your side. Let me think that I am a little help to you in your trouble!"

She drew closer to him; looked up pleadingly into his eyes. He hesitated. She drew yet closer. Her voice was a beautifully modulated instrument on which she knew well how to play.

"Let me, Royle. I am your wife!"

"Very well, Clare," he answered, "Miles, show Mr. Halward in!"

After his first visit to the Hall, when, with Farmer Beech, he had been the bearer of the bad news, Halward had returned to his caravan, and, having harnessed in the horse, removed to the Malyon Arms. To Sergeant Thrupp and Constable Mirkin he had left the task of searching for Luke Riordan. Some of the villagers had joined in the hunt, but the woods were dark, and Luke Riordan strong and dangerous. Discretion rather than valour had marked the proceedings. Daybreak saw Riordan still at large. Halward had spent the rest of the night at the inn. He had not slept. The dead man's last words had haunted him. At the inn he had heard more fully the story of Gilbert Malyon's mis-spent life; of the tragedy of Nell Riordan. Were those last disjointed words of his merely the babbings of a wandering mind? When he murmured of his wife and child, had he been thinking of the woman he had wronged and their child, or was there another chapter to his life as yet unrevealed? "Tell the governor—it was a lie—entail—my wife and child!"

Halward had heard, too, something of the state of affairs at the Hall, of the entail, of Sir Royle's second marriage and son. Was there some hidden link between those words and these things? And those other strange words:

"Warn the governor—photograph—that the woman—of La Maison Rouge—God help him!"

"La Maison Rouge" conveyed nothing to Halward. At the time of the Bonneville mystery he had been abroad. But somehow he felt, as alone in the gloomy King's Chamber at the inn he brooded on these things, that the dying man's words were not meaningless, that they would have been understandable to anyone possessing the key in the shape of the full knowledge of his life, a mysterious, buried life according to the village gossips who, despite the hour of night and disregarding the laws of closing-time, had flocked to the inn there to discuss with bated breath the tragedy that so many had prophesied.

Again and again Halward recalled those last words: "Take care of them for me!" Was there perhaps somewhere a neglected wife and child? His instinctive delicacy had caused him to postpone his interview with Sir Royle until the first shock should have passed. He set out for the Hall with a heavy heart. It was all very piteous, this story of heartlessness, betrayal, and revenge! He had no doubt now as to the identity of the swarthy, gaunt-faced man whom he had given a lift on his caravan.

Halward was ushered into the library by Miles. He bowed to the two figures that to him, coming in from the strong light, were momentarily indistinct. Lady Malyon, her arm linked in her husband's, scanned his strong, grave face quickly, almost apprehensively. It was rather an inscrutable face.

"Mr. Halward?" said Sir Royle in a low, inflexionless voice.

"Yes."

A moment's silence.

"You were with my son," went on Sir Royle, no outward sign of emotion on his set, stern face, "when the end came!"

"Yes."

Halward glanced at Lady Malyon. He could see her plainly now. Why, he could not have explained, but involuntarily he recalled the words, "Warn the governor!"

"Lady Malyon," said Sir Royle, "will stay."

Halward bowed slightly, then braced himself up.

"Well?" said Sir Royle unflinchingly.

"When consciousness returned," said Halward quietly, "he whispered the name of Luke Riordan. I asked if Riordan had—had done it. He answered 'Yes!'"

Lady Malyon's arm was still linked in her husband's. She gave a little shiver.

"I asked if there were any messages. It was hard to catch what he said, but I heard the words—'Warn the governor—photograph—that the woman—of La Maison Rouge—God help him!'"

Lady Malyon withdrew her arm from her husband's, and supported herself against the mantelpiece. Halward noticed the movement. He saw Sir Royle's eyes glance away to a photograph frame, the glass of which was broken. Sir Royle had forgotten the incident of the evening before, and had only recalled it now. He had made no mention of it to his wife. He had completely forgotten a certain grim mystery, entitled the mystery of La Maison Rouge, of nearly three years ago. He had put his own interpretation on the words. La Maison Rouge was probably some haunt where his son had met the creature in whom he had seen a resemblance to Lady Malyon.

"Anything more?" he asked in the same low, inflexionless voice.

Lady Malyon bowed her head lest the terror in her eyes should betray her. She seemed not to be breathing

"Yes!—'Tell the governor—it was a lie—entail—my wife and child.'"

Sir Royle's hands clenched up convulsively. A spasm contracted his features; but he was master of himself a moment later. Lady Malyon caught her breath sharply. Halward felt instinctively that his words had gone home like blows. He had gathered enough from the village gossips to realise the situation.

"Anything more?"

The low voice sounded harsh and bitter now.

"Yes! It was very hard to hear"—Halward's own voice sank unconsciously into a whisper—"but this is what I think he said—'God forgive me—wife and child, guard them—take care of them—tell her—the other fellow—ever so pretty!' I could not catch what followed. His last words were—'Take care of them for me!'"

Lady Malyon's face was in a shadow.

"Monkey Mickey," the story of an ape in the Zoo—see the May ROYAL.

"Mr. Halward," said Sir Royle, "do you think my son was conscious of what he was saying?"

"I think so, or at least perhaps half conscious!"

Halward waited for a moment.

"That is all," he said very quietly.

Sir Royle moved towards him with an outstretched hand.

"Let me thank you for all you have done!"

"Please don't!" he said almost abruptly.

"And I also," whispered Lady Malyon advancing.

Halward's strong grey eyes met hers. There was something in their depths that repelled him; something that seemed to give the lie to the expression on her features, something animal, cruel. Likes and dislikes are frequently intuitive. Silently he took her proffered hand. For all her whispered words of gratitude, he was conscious of a false ring. He felt instinctively that he had made an enemy. Not that it mattered one rap to a man of his independent nature. She was nothing to him. Sir Royle left the library with him.

"Mr. Halward," he said, as they crossed the hall, "there will be an inquest. I am going to ask you not to repeat what you have just told me. Some of it referred to a private and painful interview that took place between my son and myself. You are a stranger to me, but I ask you to respect a father's feelings."

Halward realised how it had grated on the man to have to make the request. He had plumbed his proud character. He looked straightly at him.

"I will not—unless I am compelled to; but you will look for his widow and child?"

There was not much *finesse* about him. He was given to be abrupt—speak the thought that was uppermost.

"What do you mean, sir?" answered Sir Royle almost fiercely, as though he had been suddenly probed.

"This. A dying man's last wish is a sacred thing. He spoke of a wife and child. His last words to me were—'Take care of them for me!'"

"Last night"—there was a note of anger in Sir Royle's voice—"my son told me he was single. If he lied, if his wife and child are not imaginary, if he was not"—Sir Royle thought of Nell Riordan—"Well, justice shall be done them!"

"That is all I wish to know," said Halward quietly.

With the closing to of the library door, Lady Malyon's whole expression had changed. Again, as on the night before, her nerves had been strained almost to breaking point. But for a moment the peril, from the brink of which she had again been snatched by a kindly fate, was forgotten.

His wife and child! If it should be true! If the child were a son! And a voice told her relentlessly that it was true!

It must not, should not be! Her own child should not be robbed!

Sir Royle entered.

A deep anger had supplanted the feelings of grief that he had carried under his stern mask, anger at the thought of the possible legacy his son had left him.

"Clare!" he said slowly, "if this is true, if Gilbert—in spite of what he told me—leaves a widow and child, justice shall be done them!"

She hurried to him and put her arms round his neck.

"Royle," she whispered, her head buried on his shoulder, her eyes hidden, "I am a mother, I love my little son! But God forbid that I should begrudge a widow and her orphan their rights! Yes, Royle, yes! If it is so, we must find them. Justice must be done!"

CHAPTER XI.

What a Cigar-case Contained, and of Certain Information that Fell into Reuben Grimwood's Hands—Lady Malyon's Hopes are Raised.

HALWARD made his way back to the Malyon Arms in a thoughtful mood. The plain, determined face wore a grave look. He had gone to the Hall with the intention of causing as little pain as possible under the circumstances. For this reason he had kept back one of the dead man's utterances:

"The governor will hate them—his own kid!" The words had not represented a message. They must have only caused pain: yet he had caused pain and he was reproaching himself now for having been so outspoken, so aggressive to Sir Royle. But what he had heard at the inn, Sir Royle's request that he should not repeat those last words at the inquest, had conjured up a suspicion, and he had spoken hard upon the thought. In thought, as in action, he was quick and decisive. His abruptness amounted to a fault sometimes.

"I'm sorry now," he said to himself, "it was an insult to imply what I did; but somehow I felt I must. Death can't alter facts. Gilbert Malyon was a scoundrel, but that doesn't make his last wish less sacred. The thought of a wife and child somewhere, perhaps neglected, of whom nobody seems to know anything, haunts me. I can't believe that those words were meaningless! It's a sad, mysterious business."

Fair play was one of the tenets in Jack Halward's simple creed. And somehow he was filled with a foreboding that the wife and child that the dead man had intrusted to him might not receive fair play.

But to return to the library.

"Royle," whispered Lady Malyon, raising her head from his shoulder, "what do you think Gilbert meant by those words—'photograph—that the woman of La Maison Rouge—God help him!'"

She looked up straight into his eyes.

"Last night," answered Sir Royle in a low, hard voice, "he fancied he recognised your photograph. It was a mistake. It resembled some woman he had met. He was thinking of her, perhaps, some haunt of hers!"

So the words had aroused no suspicion in his mind! But had they been equally meaningless to the plain, strong-faced man who had just left? Yet what could they convey to him?

"Royle," she whispered again, "you will take steps at once to find out if there is a widow and child?"

"Yes!"—that "yes" cost him much to speak—"I shall see my solicitor. I have received one or two communications on behalf of Gilbert from a man called Gride. He may be able to throw light on the matter."

"Royle, will you come with me and look at our little son? It will be good for both of us. He knows nothing of grief and sorrow. There is something so comforting in the thought!"

"Yes, Clare," he answered, his voice not quite so steady as it had been, "you are setting me an example!"

Not long after they had left the library, Mr. Grimwood entered. He was pacing the room, his bony hands clasped behind his back, his head bent forward a little, when someone knocked.

"Come in!"

Pettiss, the coachman, entered. He knew now whom it was that he had driven to the station on the evening before. He carried a leather case in one hand.

"Do you know where Sir Royle is, sir?"

"No, Pettiss. What is it?"

"I found this cigar-case, sir," answered the man in an awed voice, "as I was cleaning out the carriage. Perhaps you'd give it to Sir Royle, telling him where it was found."

"Yes!"

Pettiss retired on tiptoe. Mechanically Grimwood opened the case that had been given him. On one side there was a space for cigars; on the other, a small ivory tablet for notes and a pocket for cards.

Curiously enough, Mr. Grimwood possessed a very similar case.

He pressed the side on which the tablet was. The flap sprang forward, revealing a space at the back. There were papers within. An expression of curiosity flickered across Mr. Grimwood's hairless face. He quietly extracted the papers, closed to the flap, and, having shut up the case, placed it on the table. Then, the look in his eyes telling that his ears were straining to catch any sounds outside, he proceeded to examine the papers.

One was a letter, and as he opened it, a lock of fair, curling hair fell to the ground. He picked it up, then read the note. It ran thus:

"DEAREST GEOFF:—I am sending you this. It would keep falling across my eyes, so I got a pair of scissors and just cut it off, and here it is! It seems so, so long since I've seen you. I am dying for to-morrow night to come. I am feeling just a little miserable and wicked. I shall be so glad when this secrecy is no longer necessary. You do love me, don't you?

"Good-night, dearest Geoff! With all my love and ever so many—you know what!

"GRACE DEANE.

"*P. S.* I shall soon be writing 'Grace Marsh'!!!"

Mr. Grimwood's eyes brightened with a look of interest.

"Oh, indeed," he muttered softly, "Geoff Marsh! So that was one of his characters? Marsh, Marsh, Marsh! Somehow the name seems familiar to me! Soon to be Mrs. Marsh, eh? Oh, indeed!"

He was unfolding another paper now, a long strip. His thin lips pursed up; an indescribable look of cunning spread over his parchment face.

"Oh, indeed!" His voice ascended into a treble key.

He was staring at a copy of a certificate of a marriage, performed by a registrar, between Geoffrey Marsh and Grace Deane. With a curious smile that showed his false teeth he placed letter and certificate into a pocket; then turned his attention to what was left in his hand—a pasteboard card. It bore the words:—*Madame Fauvel, Vilneux, Normandie.* And in one corner:—*Appartements à louer.*

He turned the card over. Something was pencilled on the back. It read thus:

"GEOFF.—It's past one o'clock. I am going to bed. Please be as quiet as possible when you come in. Little Geoff has been so feverish and restless all day; but he is asleep now. But I am so anxious that he should not be wakened. "GRACE."

A pathetic message that furnished the materials with which one might have drawn a lonely picture of a girl-mother, after a long anxious day, sitting up through the dreary hours of the night waiting for the reprobate husband—going at last to bed, worn out and broken-hearted!

Grimwood's reddish eyes gleamed with a most unpleasant light.

"Oh, indeed!"

He rubbed his bony hands together making a curious clucking sound in his throat. Had the opportunity that he had hungered for secretly come to him at last? He thrust the card into a pocket, then fingered his chin with a quick, restless action. The air was full of possibilities!

"A little Geoff!" he whispered "What would her ladyship say to that, I wonder? Have they any inkling? Does Mrs. Geoffrey Marsh realise that her son is now Sir Royle Malyon's heir—inevitable heir? I should say not! But these things can be ascertained. Vilneux! I shall get Bartholomew to run over and make inquiries!"

Again he fingered his lean face with his bony hand. Had it come to him at last? After having been treated with a patronising condescension, having been kept down at a level that was just a little above that of the servants, was he about to become the master of the woman he desired? He had gauged her character fairly accurately; knew that she was vulnerable through her child!

"Vilneux!" he whispered, "Bartholomew must go to Vilneux!"

After having visited the nursery with Sir Royle, Lady Malyon had retired to her boudoir. A hundred thoughts were scurrying through her brain as she stared at the paper in her hand. She was thinking, not reading; but gradually a name at which she had been staring for some time became intelligible. The name was Jonas Gride. The paragraph was headed—

"HEARTLESS EMBEZZLEMENT OF TRUST FUNDS!

"SOLICITOR ABSCONDS!"

The paper slipped from her hand. Jonas Gride, the man who perhaps could have proved the existence of Gilbert's widow and child, had disappeared!

Had Fate again played into her hands?

CHAPTER XII.

In which Flash Meg Receives a Black Eye and Sheds Tears in Private.

"OH Gemini! But this is something lovely, scrumptious, ain't it, Liza? Hark at that bird chirruping as though his heart was in his mouth. My eye! but life's worth living on a day like this!"

Flash Meg, her hat off, her black hair straggling wild, was seated on the shafts of a caravan dangling her feet, and all unconsciously exhibiting a pair of shapely ankles. The lady she had addressed as "Liza" was leaning out above, the reins in one hand, a newspaper in the other. Behind the caravan followed a square, boxlike affair on wheels that, when unfolded and unpacked, and after two metal tubes had been telescoped out, resolved itself into a shooting gallery. On the shafts of this sat Mr. Frederick Tucker, proprietor of the gallery and generally alluded to by Flash Meg as "Liza's husband." In fact "Liza's husband" about described him. His identity was more or less merged in that of his predominant partner. "Liza" was a handsome, florid, middle-aged woman, with a fringe cut low across her forehead, and wearing long, heavy earrings. She was a Londoner by birth and education, but one day encountering Mr. Tucker near the Welsh Harp, "which is 'Endon way," she had taken him for better and for worse, and had gone on the road with him. This was not the first time that her old friend, Flash Meg, had taken a holiday with them.

The party was bound for Rushford Fair—an annual function that lasted three days, and turned the quiet old village into a very lively place for the time being. Folk flocked in from the neighbouring villages. Special trains were run from Wellborough. Sir Royle Malyon had endeavoured to suppress it, but the village green was common land, and the fair itself as old in its origin as Sir Royle's title.

"Meg!" ejaculated Liza, "do you want to 'ear all about the murder and the inquest, or would you rather be listening to that there bird?"

"Well, Liza, to tell you the truth, you can read about those sort of things every day of the week, but you don't hear a bird like that—leastways not in Pinchbeck Lane; though I daresay some of the poor little things in old Dowser's shop could sing as sweet if they liked, but I reckon they ain't got the heart, being in such a hole! All the same, get along!"

The sun had tanned Meg's face. Her dark eyes were sparkling; a flush was on her cheeks. She had thrust a huge bunch of wild flowers, gathered along the road, into the bosom of her dress. She had been behaving like a veritable child. On the early morning following her visit to the music-hall with Jim the Dandy, she had joined her friends.

Liza was partial to horrors. There was a goodly pile of ILLUSTRATED POLICE NEWS in the van.

The inquest on Gilbert Malyon was over. Much of his private history had not found its way into the paper. There was no mention of any wife or child; no hint at a dual identity, nothing of the forgery. But Nell Riordan's sad story was set forth. The description of Sir Royle at the inquest was painful reading; though everything that could be had been done to spare him, he had been compelled to admit the truth about Nell Riordan.

The name of Halward figured frequently. His evidence had been of the greatest importance. His description of the man he had given a lift along the road tallied with that of Luke Riordan. Gilbert Malyon had whispered to him Riordan's name. The dead man's last messages were not given in court. Sir Royle had made doubly sure of this by interviewing the coroner privately beforehand. The verdict was to the effect that Gilbert Malyon had been murdered by Luke Riordan.

Liza read the account through from beginning to end. The first time that she encountered Halward's name, she paused to remark that she and Fred know him—had met him on the road.

At the conclusion Meg gave a great sigh.

"Some women, Liza," she said thoughtfully, "are such fools where men are concerned—but there, it isn't for me to talk! But it seems to me that a fellow's only got to come along—with some of 'em—and make eyes at 'em, flatter 'em a bit, and they think every word he says is gospel truth, and they seem to lose their heads and go all silly and soft. Mind you, I daresay if Mr. Right was to come along, I mightn't be much better myself; but if I loved him ever so much, was ever so fond of him, but I thought he didn't mean the right thing, I'd give him a slap on the jaw and send him about his business, though it broke my heart to do so!"

"And when is Mr. Right coming along, Meg?" asked Liza.

"Can't say! How can I?" answered Meg flushing, "and if he did, how do you know he'd so much as look at me? What am I?"

"Now, don't start that, Meg! This ain't the time to flare up. Same time"—Liza had once been in the same line of business as Meg—"if you do want to chuck it, you know that me and Fred will be always glad to have you along with us."

But the offer savoured too much of charity to please Meg. There was a strong strain of wilfulness and stubborn pride in her composition.

"Thank you, Liza; but as if you two couldn't work the show by your two selves!" Here—she was speaking quickly now as if anxious to change the subject—"tell us about this Halward. A mysterious, rum sort, eh?"

"A bit," answered Liza, "but a rare nice fellow, and a gent into the bargain. No stuck-uppishness about 'im; yet 'e don't lower 'imself, if you know what I mean. Quiet, yet sociable, and when 'e do speak, 'e speaks out straight. We met him on the road. Our van 'ad broke down. 'E lent us a 'and. Then 'e come in and 'ad a cup o' tea along with me and Fred. I ask 'im what made a gent like 'im take to the road, and 'e answered in 'is quiet way because 'e liked it. But I reckon secret trouble of some sort. We kept together a couple of days, then parted company."

"Queer!" ejaculated Meg.

"Don't know so much about that. 'E's not the first gent that's took to the road. There was one we knew quite intimate. Travelled round with a mechanical show—marionettes—the finest I ever see. Then 'e died, poor chap, and it come out that 'e was a lord that 'ad 'ad private trouble."

"Love, I suppose?"

"Love, and drink after."

"Perhaps it was love with this Mr. Halward," suggested Meg.

"Very like. But 'e wasn't the sort to tell you if it was."

"Love's a queer thing, ain't it?" said Flash Meg thoughtfully, "it takes folk so differently. With some it's a kind of a sort of a growth, with others a kind of knock-down blow—all of a sudden, and there you are! Some keep it to themselves; others can't talk about nothing else. It's a queer thing!"

FIVE SHILLINGS A DAY FOR LIFE.—A huge prize for a simple task.

At that moment, just as the caravan was swinging round a bend of the road, a succession of shrill, childish screams rang out. A tented cart was drawn up on the grass by the roadside. Not far from it an unprepossessing fellow, ragged and tanned, had hold of an urchin by the ear and was belabouring him mercilessly with a thick stick. The little lad was writhing with pain.

"Catch hold of my hat," cried Flash Meg, and with the words she slipped off the shafts and raced forward.

"What's the kid done?" she cried. "If he's got to be walloped use your hands! Do you want to break every bone in his poor little body? Stop it!"

He was a nasty-looking fellow of the tramp order.

"Stop it!" he snarled, "what does 'e want to come prying into my cart for? Stop it! You can go to——!"

He emphasised his words by striking the lad a cruel blow.

"Now then, Meg," cried Liza's husband, hurrying up, "this is my job!"

But he was not quick enough.

Flash Meg was—as Liza said afterwards—on the man and all over him before he knew where he was. There was no scratching or clawing of hair, but two well-delivered blows, straight from the shoulder, and the tramp was on his back. He was up a moment later, an ugly look on his distorted features.

"I'll wring your neck!" he shouted with an oath.

"Will you?" cried Liza's husband; but he was not quick enough. The man dodged past him.

He struck out twice. Meg guarded the first blow, but was not quick enough for the second. She reeled back, recovered, then sharply cross-countered a third blow. The tramp bit the dust for a second time. He was up again, but this time he did not succeed in dodging Liza's husband. It was quickly over. Liza's husband was a pretty sparrer, and had had plenty of experience on the road. Liza encouraged him by calling out frequently "Go it, Fred!"

Flash Meg, one of her eyes almost closed up and rapidly changing colour, had taken in her arms the little lad—he was still shivering and whimpering with pain—and watched the fight and comforted him at the same time. When it was all over, and the tramp had crawled back to his cart, leaving Liza's husband victor, and Liza patting him on the back and wiping his face with her handkerchief, Flash Meg asked the child where he came from.

"Rushford," he sobbed, pointing to where in the distance a grey turret peeped out from among the green of trees, "yonder—I—I—only wanted fur to see what wur in the ca-a-art! In the ca-a-a-art!"

"There, there, kiddie," she whispered comfortingly, "don't you cry! You shall have a ride along with us in the caravan"—she turned to Liza and her husband—"we can take him along with us?"

"Certainly," cried Liza, then catching sight of Meg's eye, "Law, Meg! your eye! 'E got you one, then?"

"Yes," she answered ruefully, "served me right. I should have been more smart!"

"Meg," said Liza, "you're a terror. Why didn't you wait till Fred come up?"

"There are times when I can't wait. And that was one of 'em!"

Though she had fought like a man, and was, if one may use such a word, "manly," Flash Meg was not "mannish." Nothing could have been more womanly than the way in which she comforted the child after she had taken him into the caravan, and the boy, in his excitement at being in a real caravan, almost forgot his pains. Meg glanced at her face in a glass on the wall.

"Law!" she muttered ruefully, "there's a face on me, and the fair just coming on, too!"

There was no doubt that her black eye had a most disfiguring effect on her personal appearance. She was not in the least degree conceited, but she took a certain amount of interest in her personal appearance. What good-looking woman does not?

The caravan stopped just outside the village and took up a position on a grass plot by the roadside where other vehicles, belonging to "fairers," were drawn up. Flash Meg gave the little urchin a smacking kiss and sixpence wherewith to buy "goodies," and sent him on into the village with Liza's husband, who was taking the shooting gallery to its allotted place on the green.

They were sitting at their tea, the kettle bubbling on the quaint little fireplace, with its tiny oven, when voices reached them from outside.

"My dear sir, how are you? I am glad indeed to see you again! Read all about you in the papers. This is a pleasure indeed!"

"Glad to see you again, Bellairs! Going on all right?"

Mr. Bellairs was the proprietor of a ghost show.

"Very fairly well, sir. It has been a glorious summer, and my business largely depends on atmospheric conditions. I have had the front done up since last I saw you. It is, sir, a gorgeous work of art, and cost a pretty penny, but it will all come back!"

"Yes, Bellairs. Externals go a long way."

"Meg," said Liza, "I believe that's that there Mr. 'Alward we were talking about!"

She stepped out on to the platform. She was right. Jack Halward, a pipe between his teeth, his hands in his pockets, was standing close to Mr. Bellair's caravan.

"'Ow are you, sir?" cried Liza, cheerily waving her hand. "Hullo, Mrs. Tucker! Glad to see you again. I passed Tucker on the road. He told me I should find you here."

"You're just in time. I won't take no. Me and a lady friend are just sitting down to tea. You must come and 'ave a cup along of us."

"Thank you. I shall be delighted."

"Liza," whispered Flash Meg quickly, "don't ask no one in. I'm such a fright!"

But it was too late. Halward sprang up the steps and shook Liza's hand.

"This," said Liza, standing on one side, "is my lady friend, Miss 'Olt!"

Flash Meg saw Halward's face for the first time. She caught her breath, then flushed scarlet.

It was the man, the memory of whom she had secretly treasured in her heart—her ideal!

She was a woman. One eye was bandaged with a wet rag, one side of her face discoloured and swollen to twice its natural size. She felt an "awful sight!" If only the ground could have opened and swallowed her up!

Halward held out his hand, then gave a little start as he recognised, in spite of her altered appearance, the fighting Amazon of his adventure of more than a year ago.

"Well I never!" he exclaimed, shaking her hand, "but perhaps you've forgotten?"

"Forgot!" stammered Flash Meg. "Of course not. You were——"

She pulled up just in time to prevent the word "splendid" from slipping out. Horribly embarrassed she glanced at him to see if he were smiling at her appearance; but there was no sign of such a thing on his strong grave face.

"You've been hurt," he said quietly, "I know something about these sort of things. Let me have a look at your eye, may I?"

"No. It's nothing—only a black eye. It's not the first I've had and I don't suppose it will be the last!"

The words had an almost defiant ring.

"Fancy you two knowing one another!" exclaimed Liza. "Miss 'Olt, sir, 'as been unfortunate; 'ad a dust up with a bully on the road that was walloping a poor little kid something brutal. 'E managed to get one in, but she bowled 'im over twice, then Fred chipped in and settled 'im. Meg's a bit sensitive. You must excuse 'er appearance!"

The scarlet on Meg's face deepened. He would look upon her as a coarse woman always fighting and brawling. But Halward glanced at her with an expression of honest admiration.

"Miss Holt has a way of sticking up for the weak," he said quietly. "I'm glad Tucker punished the fellow. Mrs. Tucker, let me make myself useful, and cut some bread and butter!"

He proceeded to do so, and Liza winked at Meg as much as to say: "What did I tell you? Ain't 'e one of the right sort?"

His task over, he sat himself down on a locker, and chatted away quietly, asking Mrs. Tucker questions about herself and her husband, now and again addressing a remark to Flash Meg, who had screwed herself away into the darkest corner of the caravan. She noticed that he never talked of himself. When Liza wanted to hear all about the murder and inquest she saw the grave look deepen on his strong face.

"No," he answered very straightly, "I'm not going to talk about that!"

She noticed, too, that though his manner might be abrupt and an occasional expression told of a wandering thought, he was neither familiar nor condescending. He treated Liza and herself—as she said afterwards to her friend—just as if they had been perfect ladies. He stayed some little time after Liza's husband's return, then prepared to depart.

"Yes," he said in answer to a question from Liza, "I'm staying a day or two longer. I shall be coming into the fair to see you. I shall have to come to your gallery and see if I can ring the bull!"

"Good-bye," he said, shaking Meg's hand, "I'm very glad to have met you again, Miss Holt."

The inquest was over and Gilbert Malyon had been laid to rest in the family vault; but Halward still remained at the Malyon Arms. The feeling that a sacred trust had been bequeathed to him by the dead man had grown. Nothing so far had happened either to prove or disprove the existence of a wife and child; but a vague feeling of expectancy and a wish to see what the future would bring forth detained him in the village. Luke Riordan, in spite of the efforts of Sergeant Thrupp, supplemented by the County Police, still remained at large, though it seemed impossible for him to evade capture for long. The villagers had become accustomed to Halward now, and no longer gaped at him with curiosity and awe. The prosaic necessity of having a pair of boots soled and heeled had led him to make the acquaintance of Seth Scarfield, the crippled cobbler, and quite a friendship had sprung up between them.

"I reckon," said Liza, shortly after Halward's departure, "it's love what's wrong with 'im. Well, the woman what's done it, 'as made a big mistake, says I!"

"'Ear, 'ear, missus!" echoed Liza's husband.

Flash Meg said nothing; but the words produced an ache somewhere in the region of the heart. Presently she retired to her own little apartment, and closed to the sliding panel that served as a door. She looked at herself in a glass.

To think that he should have seen her looking such a fright! And yet if she hadn't looked such a fright, if she had been wearing her biggest hat and brightest scarf, what good would it have done? What was she, who was she? What could she ever be to such as him?

"You're a silly fool, Meg, that's what you are!" she whispered fiercely. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you did!"

Then she covered her face with her hands, and started to sob!

CHAPTER XIII.

The Die is Cast.

RUSHFORD FAIR was in full swing. Round-abouts were whirling giddily round, blatant organs blasting out strident melody, hoarse-voiced, eloquent showmen shouting, rifles cracking.

"'Ere you are! 'Ere you are! Penny a shot, penny a shot! Our barrels ain't crooked—every one of 'em tested by the War Office! A sixpenny cigar every time you rings the bull!"

So shouted Liza Tucker as she and Flash Meg, each holding a rifle, accosted everyone who came near the shooting gallery, opened out now in all its glory, with brilliant, eye-dazzling pictures representing wild life in the Far West.

Occasionally the hooting scream of a round-about reached as far as Malyon Hall, and penetrated into the artistically-decorated private room where Reuben Grimwood sat. A cunning smile was on his hairless face. Now and again he fingered his lean jaws, as he stared at the letter in his hand. It was in Bartholomew Boote's handwriting, and came from Vilneux. It ran thus:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am now at Vilneux as *per* arrangement, staying at a homely fisher's cottage by the sad sea waves. The mother and the child are here. You can go ahead. They know nothing, absolutely nothing. Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise! The child has taken to B. B. B. B. is fond of children. That greatest of blessings has been denied him. Would that his quiver were full! I am carrying on negotiations as *per* instructions. You can go ahead! "Yours v. truly, "B B."

Mr. Grimwood chuckled ever so softly to himself. So at present Mrs. Marsh knew nothing. It was well. It would be through no fault of his or Boote's if her state of ignorance did not continue. It was a very comprehensive scheme that he had shaped in his brain; but there seemed no reason why it should not succeed.

Sir Royle Malyon had broken down. He had borne up till after the funeral. He had followed his son to the grave; but a chill, coming on the top of sleeplessness, shock, and the strain of the secret suspense that was eating at his heart, had proved too much. He had been compelled to take to his bed.

While Mr. Grimwood was meditating on Bartholomew Boote's letter, Lady Malyon was holding a conversation with Sir William Jennings, the famous specialist, who had been summoned from London, and had just left the ailing man. Lady Malyon herself looked worn and tired. She had scarcely left her husband's side since his confinement to his room.

"There's no real danger," said the physician, "but we must get rid of the chill first; then Sir Royle must get away—right away. Complete change is essential. As for the insomnia, I will write out a prescription—as a temporary remedy. I think you will find that change will do away with the necessity of any drug."

Sir William wrote out a prescription. After his departure, Lady Malyon made her way to one of the great reception rooms at the back of the Hall that looked out upon another of those wonderful lawns for which the place was famous. She sank on to a couch and rested her head on her hand. She, too, had been suffering an agony of suspense. Nothing, so far, had been heard of any widow or child. Sir Royle had forced himself to do what was right; but in spite of his solicitor's efforts, Gilbert's past movements had proved untraceable. Had those last words been meaningless, or could, perhaps, Jonas Gride, the absconding solicitor, throw light upon them?

Lady Malyon picked up the newspaper that she had dropped when the physician had been announced, but it contained no tidings of Gride. Then she turned to the front page and glanced through the "Agony" column. She had made a point of doing so of late.

Something caught her eye that made her draw in a quick, whispering breath! She brought the paper closer to her eyes.

"GEOFFREY MARSH.—The suspense is unbearable. Come back or write to me. Little Geoff is ailing. Unless I hear from you soon I must leave here and try to get some work. Money is running out. Heart-broken.—Grace."

Lady Malyon locked her hands together convulsively. It *was* true, then! She read the advertisement through again. There was a child—a male child! Knowing what she did, she never doubted but that the Geoffrey Marsh was the Geoffrey Marsh of the Bonneville mystery—Gilbert Malyon! But hope was not yet dead. It was obvious from the advertisement that as yet "Grace" knew nothing.

There was still hope. The child was ailing! What if——

The door opened. Mr. Grimwood entered quietly.

"I hope," he said, as he washed his hands with invisible soap and water, "that Sir William Jennings has reported favourably on Sir Royle?"

"Yes, on the whole," answered Lady Malyon, all trace of the recent storm gone from her features, "but he must be kept quiet and as free from worry as possible."

"Yes, indeed. Indeed, yes!" murmured Mr. Grimwood sympathetically, moving a little closer. "Had he been well and strong enough to bear it, I—I should have felt duty bound to make what must have been a painful communication to him. In fact, I feel that I ought to let you know now, Lady Malyon!"

"Indeed, Mr. Grimwood!"

She cast a searching glance at him. His reddish eyes met hers steadily.

"Yes!"—He was still watching her.—"As you know, Sir Royle has partly taken me into his confidence. I am aware that he is greatly distressed at the possibility of Mr. Gilbert having left behind him a widow and child."

Lady Malyon's lips tightened.

"There is no need"—Mr. Grimwood moved a little closer—"to state how the proofs came into my possession, but I have obtained proof that Mr. Gilbert, under an assumed name, married a young woman at a registry office in London, and that a child—a male child—was born to them, and is still living."

Lady Malyon had turned white as a ghost. Grimwood's eyes were still upon her. He took a step towards her. The scene suggested a spider creeping towards a beautiful butterfly that had become entangled in its web.

"I understand," he went on, "that the widow, who is abroad, is quite in ignorance of her husband's death, knows nothing of his real identity, does not dream that her child is the heir, the inevitable heir, to Sir Royle Malyon."

He took a step closer.

"Lady Malyon," he whispered, his voice guttural and a little unsteady now, "Mr. Gilbert's widow need not necessarily learn the truth—if—if you wished otherwise!"

Lady Malyon sprang to her feet, and drew herself up to her full height.

"What!" she breathed out fiercely, yet with a note that suggested hesitancy, "you dare to suggest that I should——"

A knock at the door interrupted her. Miles entered.

"Mr. Palliser has just arrived, your ladyship," he said, "I have shown him into the library."

Mr. Palliser was Sir Royle's solicitor.

Miles retired.

"Lady Malyon," said Mr. Grimwood very slowly, at the same time thrusting a hand into one of his pockets, "I had, perhaps, also better see Mr. Palliser. I may as well place the proofs in his hands!"

He moved a step towards the door; then turned.

"Shall I, Lady Malyon?"

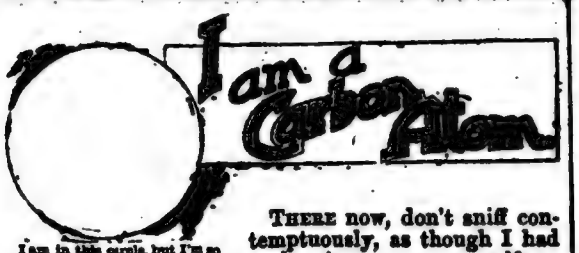
She read what shone from his unblinking eyes. She pressed a hand to her fiercely beating heart. There was no time to weigh and balance. She must decide at once.

The die was cast!

"No—no!" she whispered, with a shudder. "What is the—the price of your silence?"

(*To be continued.*)

"The York Mystery"—the second of the series, "Mysteries of Great Cities," appears in the May ROYAL.



I am in this circle, but I'm so small you can't see me.

THERE now, don't sniff contemptuously, as though I had no bearing upon your welfare. I wield a very great influence over it, a very great influence, for I am a carbon atom.

Were it not for my presence, there would be no men on this earth. There would be no beasts, no flowers, no trees. In fact, there would be no living thing at all.

All life is rendered possible by my presence. Everything that lives, be it animal or vegetable, contains carbon atoms.

From this you will see that I am not the insignificant thing you thought I was. Seeing that I am of such vast importance, you ought to know something more about me; don't you think so?

To begin with, I am not one of those atoms some people talk so loosely about, that is, merely a little bit of carbon. Oh, no, a real atom is something vastly different, although the power it wields may be so very enormous.

The animalculæ in a drop of water are vast worlds to us, so you see I can give you little idea of my size. I should have to tell you that the smallest of these exceedingly minute creatures contains billions upon billions of us, and what wiser would that make you?

I could never make you understand my littleness. Not, mind you, that I think you are dense, for the cleverest man would not be much better than you in this respect. If it were possible for you to take the billionth part of a particle of carbon which lay on a pin point, and to cut this part into smaller parts, and one of these smaller parts into still smaller parts, you wouldn't reach the atoms.

I CANNOT BE KILLED.

When you had gone on long enough, you would come to a standstill. You would arrive at a part so minute that it couldn't be less. That would be an atom. Therefore I am the smallest thing of all small things.

We atoms have our romances as well as you. We have our likes and our dislikes, our loves and our hates. We get married, and we get separated. We have our armies, but we never slay one another, strange to say.

There we beat you. We are indestructible. We live for ever, therefore our code of morals is different from yours. Each atom has been married and separated times beyond number. Also we have caste to an extreme undreamt of by you.

Although our number is so enormous, there are only about eighty different kinds of us. My kind is the most important, for all Nature is divided into two great divisions, the carbon compounds and the non-carbon compounds.

Yes, caste is carried to a high point with us. There is no getting over it. Some atoms could no more marry certain other atoms, than you could jump over St. Paul's. Personally, I have no sympathy for such proud atoms as the Nitrogens. They rarely marry, and when they do marry they usually are very unstable, and get a separation at the very first opportunity.

On the other hand, I am a very jovial fellow, and—well, I'm a caution with the girls. I am really.

I OFTEN MARRY.

When I marry an Oxygen atom, you usually know about it. Now, don't be shocked, but I marry two of the Oxygen girls, together, as a rule. Then we have glorious festivities. It is these wedding celebrations which keep you alive, which supply you with heat.

The warmth of your body is due to the ceremony when I marry two Oxygen atoms. The flames you see leaping about in your fires were all the result of my marriage. You call these marriage ceremonies combustion, but what's in a name?

Every second you are burning away, just the same as a match burns away. The air you breathe is nothing but oxygen, practically. It is diluted oxygen, that is oxygen let down with another gas called nitrogen. Were it not diluted you would burn away too quickly, poor creatures. Of course, oxygen gas has nothing to do with coal-gas. Men of science call vapours gases, you know, and coal-gas has much hydrogen in its composition. In every ordinary case of burning, the action is due to the union of an atom of carbon with two of oxygen.

When we Carbon atoms are bachelors, we take up one of three forms. Then we aggregate to form diamonds, or black lead, or charcoal. The only difference between a diamond and a piece of black lead is the way in which the carbon atoms stand together.

I would tell you much about my private life, but you might mistake my conduct and be shocked. Really, my life is a round of marrying and separating. Sometimes I see a bevy of fair Oxygen maidens. I admire two of them, seek an introduction, propose, and am accepted.

Then we have a grand flare up, and become one; a molecule is our name for a married couple, or set, rather. Then we float about for a time, at last we see a blade of grass, and settle down for awhile upon it.

I don't know how it is, but in such circumstances, I always get tired of my newly-married state, that is in the daylight. My airy Oxygen wives don't look so well in the light. Then I get a separation, or sometimes one girl wants her freedom. I let her go, and take some other atom, or atoms, in her place, while she floats out into the world a spinster free. I often exchange wives, but as you may not like to hear more about this, I will tell you about another atom, one easier to follow.

Mr. Chlorine is not a nice atom, you often find him in bleaching factories, and other nasty places. He is a rough, harsh, evil-smelling fellow of a dirty green complexion. It is only a fact, he is nothing but gas.

Miss Hydrogen is quite a contrast. I won't say much about her, although I must confess she is one of my prime favourites. She is simply charming, although very light and flighty in her behaviour.

Women are curious creatures. Woe to Miss Hydrogen's peace of mind, if she should see Chlorine in the sunshine. Then he is strangely bold compared with what he is when the sun is hidden. The poor fair one cannot withstand his blandishments, so she loses her airy heart to the gassy fellow at the first onslaught, at lightning speed. As a married couple they take the name of Hydrochloric Acid. On formal occasions they are called Mr. and Mrs. Hydrogen-Chloride, while old-fashioned people call them Muriatic Acid.

MISS HYDROGEN'S FATE.

Their change of name is nothing compared with their change of nature. It is surprising what a difference marriage makes. They cease to be gases, but become sour, biting members of the community; positively dangerous indeed, and they frequent dreary factories and workshops. Naturally the two do not live together long.

Along comes another female, a designing, overpowering female, who soon effects an alteration. I will not mention any names, but I daresay you are fairly familiar with Ammonia.

Do you know the end to this drama? The stupefying female plots with Mr. Chlorine, that was. They fall upon the one-time Miss Hydrogen, and, sad to relate, gobble her up. They consummate the tragedy with a marriage.

After all this they settle down and, as Mr. and Mrs. Ammonium-Chloride start life afresh. They become a very staid and respectable couple—although they are nick-named Mr. and Mrs. Sal-Ammoniac—yes, they become a remarkably solid couple, and their temper is difficult to ruffle.

Now, you see, we have our tragedies and our comedies, which are as important as any of yours, and far more wide-reaching. Men, indeed, pray what are you compared with atoms, and specially with Carbon atoms?

The Motive.

HIS WORSHIP: "You say you are not a vagrant?"
Prisoner: "No, your Worship."
His Worship: "Did any motive bring you to this town?"
Prisoner: "Yes, your Worship."
His Worship: "What?"
Prisoner: "Locomotive."
His Worship: "Ten days."

The Forgotten Dot.

A WEDDING took place a short time back in a large town in the North of England, the service being conducted by a rather eccentric vicar. Two days after the ceremony he called at the house of the bridegroom's mother, but she happened to be out, so he said he would call again, which he did later on in the day, carrying two large green bags under his arm.

This time he found her in. So he began by asking them to clear the table a little; then he opened the green bags, from which he took the registers. These he opened, and in a most solemn tone said:

"Mrs. Williams, you have forgotten to dot the *i* in Elizabeth."

The family breathed once more.

"YOU don't think much of golf, I believe?"
"Well, in one way I deem it preferable to bicycling."
"How is that?"
"They don't try to play it in the streets."

AN old maid makes the confession of having attended three hundred and twenty-two balls to catch a husband, and of having caught instead, bronchitis fourteen times, influenza thrice, and one hundred and twenty colds in the head!

A HIGHLAND workman called out to his mate who was standing with his back to the wind trying to light his pipe:

"Tugal, hev ye a light?"
"Ay," replied Tugal, "I've got a light, but it's cot."

LITTLE BEGINNINGS OF BIG THINGS.

How Some Small Organisations have Attained Greatness.

THE Working Men's Club of to-day is established everywhere where there are men enough to kill a cat, but forty years ago things were very different. Such clubs did not then exist. It was in the year 1858 that the Rev. E. Butcher Chatmer, M.A., Vicar of St. Matthias, Salford, established the very first regularly organised Working Men's Club in England. The Earl of Shaftesbury founded Duck Lane Workmen's Club in Westminster in 1860, and in 1862 the Working Men's Club and Institute Union was established.

The Hospital Sunday Fund is another big feature of the present day that first saw the light in a small, almost accidental way. In the year 1873—under thirty years ago—an article appeared in THE LANCET, a weekly journal devoted to medical matters, from the pen of Dr. James Wakley, urging the advantages of a Metropolitan Hospital Home Fund. The matter was taken up by a band of earnest workers, and the thousands of pounds now collected for our medical charities every year are the direct outcome of Dr. Wakley's scheme.

"Reuter" is a well-known word nowadays. It is found at the end of all sorts of messages cabled from all the near and distant parts of the world. If a terrible accident happens in a little remote corner of South America, or if a Continental monarch meets with a rebuff, Reuter's agency quickly acquaints the quiet stay-at-home person of it. Yet this great system of news-supply was at first only concerned with special financial information. The speech delivered by Napoleon III. at the New Year's reception in the Tuileries, in the year 1859, was the very first message that may be classed as general news ever sent by Baron Reuter, the founder of the agency.

The Press Association—known to all journalists as the P.A.—is an institution of even more recent birth. It has only been known for a little over thirty years. It was called into life when the State took over the telegraph system; that was in 1868. In that year a number of newspaper proprietors formed themselves into an association for the collection and distribution of news of the day. Now, in 1902, nearly every village and hamlet in the United Kingdom has its inhabitant who is in touch with the P.A. offices in New Bridge Street, London, E.C.

Until 1866 the putting out of fires in London was done by the fire insurance companies! How odd that information seems as we read it in cold print in these go-ahead times. The insurance people had done this work for thirty-three years, then the Metropolitan Board of Works took the work off their hands, and established the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, under the head of Captain Shaw.

The very first lifeboat made its appearance at South Shields in 1789, but it was not till 1824 that the Royal National Lifeboat Institution was established, as the result of a body of public-spirited persons stirring up public opinion in its favour.

The early history of the Salvation Army is soon told. In 1865 the Rev. William Booth founded the "Christian Mission." Under that title the Mission was carried on when its founder changed it to "The Salvation Army." It has been said that at one time in his life General Booth served behind the counter in the shop of a Chester pawnbroker. To-day, however, the Army, which he started, is represented in every centre of population throughout the civilised world.

The Ambulance Association has already far exceeded the most sanguine anticipations of its promoters. It was established in 1877 by the Duke of Manchester, and, since its establishment, has been the means of conveying much-needed knowledge as to the preliminary treatment of the injured to probably not fewer than 100,000 students.

So much has been said and written about Post Office history that it seems a work of supererogation to refer to it here. It may not, however, be generally known, that in 1683, a London upholsterer, named Robert Murray, successfully established a penny post in the Metropolis, and that afterwards, when the system came into the hands of a William Dowcray, the business had become so valuable that Government, with an eye to the main chance, obtained a King's Bench decree that the whole thing should be handed over to and remain the property of the Royal establishment.

The Money Orders issued by the Post Office had their origin in a private speculation by three Post Office officials, who began the system in 1792. At that time, however, no order could be issued for any sum over five guineas, and the charge for sending that amount was four shillings and sixpence!

IF YOU'VE FAILED

in business, it's perhaps because you have taken up the wrong work. You should ascertain from an unbiassed person the real bent of your mind, and to do this you should send a specimen of your handwriting to *RANEE, 27 Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.*, inclosing six penny stamps and a stamped addressed envelope.

FIVE SHILLINGS A DAY FOR LIFE.—A huge prize for a simple task.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, GOUT.

SAMPLES SENT FREE.

URIC ACID TROUBLES, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION & DISEASES ARISING FROM SLUGGISH LIVER & INACTIVE KIDNEYS ARE ENTIRELY ERADICATED BY

TRIAL COSTS NOTHING.

Kutnow's Powder.

If you be a victim to Gout, Gouty Eczema, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, or Diabetes, it is because there is present in your system a poison which, unless you take proper measures to remove it, will make your life unbearable and eventually destroy it altogether. This poison is known as Uric Acid, and its accumulation in the system, due in most cases either to carelessness or ignorance in the matter of food and drink, causes a plethoric, adipose, and generally deranged condition of the system.

Uric Acid attacks the system in various ways. When this poison affects the lumbar regions the disease is called lumbago; when the sciatic nerves are attacked it is sciatica; and when other nerves are similarly affected the term Neuralgia is used. Any excess of Uric Acid causes functional derangement throughout the whole human frame. Every stage of life, from the youngest to the oldest, and every condition of existence, whether rich or poor, are susceptible to such disorders.

KUTNOW'S POWDER contains all the curative and healing properties of the Royal and Imperial Continental Spas, and, being pleasant to the taste, is readily taken by women and children. Writing on this point, Sir Morell Mackenzie, M.D., said: "I have tried KUTNOW'S POWDER, and find it answers particularly well." KUTNOW'S POWDER received the highest commendation from Sir Spencer Wells, M.D., Sir Andrew Clark, M.D., Professor Lawson Tait, M.D., and many other eminent specialists. The chief merit of this marvellous remedy is the remarkable power it possesses of effectively cleansing the bowels, stimulating the liver, clearing and irrigating the eliminative organs, and expelling all excessive uric acid and any poisonous or putrefying deposits which may have accumulated in the system. KUTNOW'S POWDER is by no means merely an aperient; it is an alterative—that is to say, it possesses the power of changing and improving the whole assimilative process whereby the system will become properly nourished; and, where hitherto debility and general weakness prevailed, there will be built up a sound and vigorous constitution.

THERE ARE FRAUDULENT IMITATIONS.

BEWARE OF THEM!!!

Rev. F. G. SCRIVENER writes:

"Lakenheath Vicarage, Brandon, Suffolk, Jan. 27th, 1902.

"Sir,—Having myself been greatly benefited by the use of KUTNOW'S POWDER, I am recommending a trial to a parishioner. About a year ago I suffered much from acute rheumatism. After taking doses of your POWDER about four a week for two months whenever I felt pain, I found the POWDER most efficacious, and have not suffered from rheumatism since. The Powder seems to have the power of expelling the poison from the system. You may make any use you like of this letter or my former one.

"I am, yours,

"(Rev.) F. G. SCRIVENER."

TRIAL COSTS NOTHING.

KUTNOW'S POWDER can be obtained from all Chemists and Medicine Stores at 2s. 9d. per bottle, or sent post free to any address in the United Kingdom direct from KUTNOW'S London Offices for 3s. To all foreign parts the usual postal rates must be added.

A FREE AND POST-PAID SAMPLE

Will be sent to any person filling up this Form and sending the same to

S. KUTNOW & CO. Ltd., 41 Farringdon Rd., London, E.C.

Name..

Address..

"PEARSON'S WEEKLY."

See that the name KUTNOW is printed on each Carton in which the bottle is packed.

J. GOODING writes: "13 Goswell Road, Street, Somerset, Jan. 23rd, 1902.

"Gentlemen,—I received the Sample of KUTNOW'S POWDER quite safely, and beg to say I have obtained a large bottle from the Chemist. I took some of the POWDER last night and to-day, and it has done me a great deal of good. I consider your POWDER one of the best remedies ever offered to the public, as I can speak from personal experience. It has stopped the night sweats entirely; my appetite is rapidly improving, and the chilliness has gone out of my blood. I am better in health altogether. Your Powder is one of the best remedies ever known for Dyspepsia, Constipation, and Kidney Troubles. I shall recommend it to anyone I know or hear of suffering from these complaints.—Yours respectfully, J. GOODING."

SAMPLES SENT FREE.

Proprietors: S. KUTNOW & CO. Ltd., 41 FARRINGDON ROAD, LONDON, E.C. Proprietors in U.S.A.: KUTNOW BROS. Ltd., 853 Broadway, New York.

KAPUTINE THE SAFE REMEDY FOR **HEADACHE**

Any Chemist or Stores can get it for you; 1/- per packet of 12 doses. Send stamped envelope for Free Sample to C. H. KAPUTINE Ltd., Huddersfield.

"LET'S TALK OF GRAVES"

Shakespeare.

"Express" (Regd.) English Lever, £2 10s. 0d.

That word "EXPRESS" on the dial of a watch is a guarantee that it is pure

BRITISH

Manufacture throughout, and NOT a foreign-made movement in English Case.

Terms. Send only 5/- with order, and the watch will be sent to you for Free Test and Examination; if satisfied, complete purchase in nine more monthly payments of 5/-. If you are not perfectly satisfied, return the watch, and your deposit will be refunded in full. Send for our No. 1 Catalogue.

Good AGENTS WANTED in every town and village. Good Pay. Apply for terms.

J. G. GRAVES, 22 Division St., SHEFFIELD.

SENT FREE!

An attractive booklet, entitled

"LULLABIES AND CRADLE SONGS,"

to anyone who sends a post-card giving name and address (write very distinctly), and who mentions this paper.

FRAME FOOD Co. Ltd., Battersea, London, S.W.

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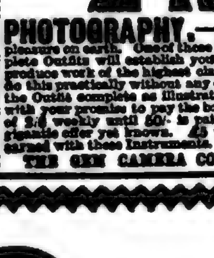

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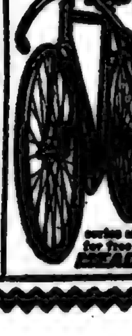

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ISOBEL *will be glad to answer questions of general interest upon household matters so far as space permits. A pretty pencil case will be given to each reader whose inquiry is dealt with on this page. Envelopes should be marked* HOME NOTES PAGE.

For a Shampoo Mixture. Make a froth of good toilet soap, and when lukewarm add to it the beaten yolk of an egg and a dessertspoonful of spirits of rosemary.

Mignonette Planted in Window Boxes will have a great effect in keeping flies from inhabiting the rooms. Geraniums have the same effect, and form an even more effectual screen.

For the Kitchen Sink. Two tablespoonfuls of soda, a teaspoonful of ammonia and a gallon of boiling water, make a good disinfectant. Pour this down while very hot, and brush all the sides of the sink.

Linseed Tea. Pour two quarts of boiling water on one ounce of whole linseed and twelve drachms of liquorice root sliced. Add a few slices of lemon. Let this stand in a covered jug for six hours, then strain for use and sweeten to taste. (*Reply to* A. E. W.)

Tripe a la Bourgeois. Slice four or five onions and fry in dripping until they are a rich golden brown. Add a quart of nice stock and two pounds of tripe cut in slices. Simmer for an hour. Before serving thicken the gravy with three tablespoonfuls of flour. Season with pepper and salt and if liked a little lean bacon chopped finely. (*Reply to* M. SYERS.)

On Oranges. The curative properties of a good orange cannot be over estimated. As a preventive of influenza they should be eaten daily. An orange sliced and steeped in about three-quarters of a pint of quite boiling water and sweetened to taste is an excellent cure for a stubborn cold. Take this drink after retiring to bed; it is equally good for influenza patients. (*Thanks to* TAIVE.)

Dainty Supper Sausages. Get the sausages you wish to serve, prick them, and set in tepid water, bring to the boil and allow to get cool. Remove the skins and dip each sausage in egg and breadcrumbs. Fry a golden brown in some clarified fat. Have ready some mashed potato on a dish and set the sausages on it. Serve very hot with chopped parsley scattered over. (*Thanks to* YEOVIL.)

Your Gelatine Pudding, I strongly suspect, was a sort of lemon-sponge. Whisk the whites of two or three eggs until stiff, soak half an ounce of gelatine in half a teacupful of cold water for an hour, and then dissolve it with one gill of boiling water. Set it to cool, and when nearly cold, add the beaten whites of egg, also the juice of one lemon, and the grated rind of half, and a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar. Beat all together until it is as firm as sponge, and place in a wet mould. Instead of lemon, various flavourings may be used. (*Reply to* BRADLEY.)

Brown Thickening, or Browning for gravy may be made from either of these recipes: (1) Dissolve about one ounce of dripping in a frying-pan, and add to it half a pound of brown sugar; stir with an iron spoon till all becomes a deep brown colour. Do not let it burn. Gradually add about one pint of boiling water, salt and pepper, and any sauces liked. When cold, pour into bottles for keeping. (2) Weigh out equal quantities of flour and butter or dripping. When the fat is melted, work the flour in thoroughly. Stir occasionally, and cook till a good deep colour. (*Reply to* LLANDILOES.)

Why do Women Lose their Hair? You will find out the cause, and also the remedy, in HOME NOTES this week. You will also find directions and illustrations for spring renovations, which will prove most appropriate at this time of the year when so many people are spring cleaning, and puzzling their brains as to how they can make their house look prettier and more comfortable. There is also an article on the "Decoration of Doors" under "Furniture and Furnishing," which will be useful. This little paper contains articles on many interesting subjects, such as the "Toilet," "Society Chatter," "Cookery," "Dressmaking," etc., etc. It is only 1d. every week, published on Friday. Why don't you speculate in a copy?

When Windows are Difficult to Open rub the cords with soft soap and the sashes will run smoothly.

To Restore Knife Handles. The handles that have become yellow from being made wet should be rubbed with fine sandpaper. If the blades are discoloured, rub them with fine emery powder and a cut potato. (*Reply to* HALLETT.)

To Make Potass Water in a Gasogene. Having cleansed and drained the gasogene, put five pints of water into the larger globe, in this dissolve eighty grains of carbonate of potass; now proceed to use the powders of soda and acid provided for making aerated water in the gasogene. (*Thanks to* R. M., Frome.)

A Lemon Sponge Cake. Take the yolks of four eggs and beat with two cupfuls of caster sugar till quite smooth. Whip the whites to a stiff froth and add to the yolks and sugar, then beat in slowly one cupful of dried and sifted flour and the grated rind of a large lemon. Line a cake tin with buttered paper, pour in the cake and bake for half an hour in a hot oven. (*Reply to* EARLSFIELD.)

My Stone Cream Recipe is as follows: Dissolve half an ounce of gelatine in a little water, then add to it a pint of sweetened milk which has been boiled with a piece of lemon peel. As soons as it is cold, pour the thickened milk slowly over a layer of jam in a deep glass dish. When quite set, stick strips of blanched almonds into the cream and serve. (*Reply to* F. A. BEDFORD.)

Invalid Flummery. This is a very nourishing and palatable dish if properly made. Dissolve half an ounce of gelatine in half a pint of boiling water and stand until dissolved. Set this in an enamelled sauce-pan. Add the peel of half a lemon, the yolks of two eggs, a wineglassful of sherry, and sugar to taste. Let it just simmer. Pour off to cool, then add a little lemon juice and run through a jelly bag into moulds.

A Gingerbread Pudding. Take four ounces of fine white breadcrumbs, two ounces of flour, three ounces of suet, a teaspoonful of baking powder, the same of ground ginger, half a teaspoonful of mixed spice and the same of salt, six ounces of treacle, one egg, and a gill of milk. Mix all the dry ingredients. First warm the treacle and stir it thoroughly with the eggs and milk. Boil in a greased basin for three hours, leaving room for the pudding to swell. Chopped figs may be added to the above quantities with advantage.

Savoury Beef. Take two pounds of lean leg of beef, not the sinewy portion, cut it into uniform slices about one inch and a half thick, and fry till nicely browned in some good dripping; in the same fat fry for eight minutes, but be very careful not to burn, an onion finely sliced, two small carrots, one turnip, and one head of celery; add three dessertspoonfuls of flour, and sufficient cold stock to make a nice sauce. Season with salt, pepper, a little mace, and mixed herbs. Arrange the meat and sauce in a jar, cover it tightly, set it in a sauce-pan of hot water, and cook steadily for three hours. Garnish with boiled beans and fried croûtons of bread.

The Spring Medicine Recipe I gave in issue of April 10th should read as follows, a line appears to have disappeared after it left my hands to the detriment of the recipe. Half a pound of Epsom salts, quarter of a pound of flowers of sulphur, two ounces of cream of tartar, two lemons and two tablespoonfuls of white sugar. Mix the sulphur to a smooth paste with a little cold water; slice one lemon and squeeze the juice of the other and put all the ingredients together in a jug. Over these pour three quarts of boiling water, stir well several times and let stand till next day. Strain through muslin and it is ready for use. About a wineglassful should be taken in the morning before breakfast.

Cleaning Alabaster Ornaments. There is nothing better for cleaning alabaster than the use of soap and water; but if ornaments have become very dirty or stained the process of restoration is as follows: First remove all grease stains by the application of French chalk well rubbed in or with oil of turpentine, then wash in soap and water, using a soft brush, after which white-wash the whole and leave it for twenty-four hours. Now wash off the whitewash and rub thoroughly with a soft cloth. Scratches may be removed with a piece of pumice-stone dipped in water, and if a polish be desired, a paste of whiting, soap, and milk may be rubbed in, left on a few hours, and then removed by washing. Dry with a soft cloth. Rub with a soft flannel until a polish is obtained. (*Reply to* MEMBER.)

Isobel

HOLIDAYS FOR 1902.		1902. MARCH.	APRIL.	MAY.	JUNE.	JULY.	AUGUST.
Good Friday	*March 28.*	S 2 9 16 23 30	S 6 13 20 27	S 4 11 18 25	S 1 8 15 22 29	S 6 13 20 27	S 3 10 17 24 31
Easter Monday	*March 31.*	M 3 10 17 24 31	M 7 14 21 28	M 5 12 19 26	M 2 9 16 23 30	M 7 14 21 28	M 4 11 18 25
Whitsun Monday	*May 19.*	T 4 11 18 25	T 1 8 15 22 29	T 6 13 20 27	T 3 10 17 24	T 1 8 15 22 29	T 5 12 19 26
Coronation Day	*June 26.*	W 5 12 19 26	W 2 9 16 23 30	W 7 14 21 28	W 4 11 18 25	W 2 9 16 23 30	W 6 13 20 27
Bank Holiday	*August 4.*	T 6 13 20 27	T 3 10 17 24	T 1 8 15 22 29	T 5 12 19 26	T 3 10 17 24 31	T 7 14 21 28
Christmas Day	*December 25.*	F 7 14 21 28	F 4 11 18 25	F 2 9 16 23 30	F 6 13 20 27	F 4 11 18 25	F 1 8 15 22 29
Boxing Day	*December 26.*	S 1 8 15 22 29	S 5 12 19 26	S 3 10 17 24 31	S 7 14 21 28	S 5 12 19 26	S 2 9 16 23 30

SHOULD BRIDESMAIDS BE ABOLISHED?

Now then, Girls, what do you Say?

By MADGE MORRIS.

THE bridesmaid is not considered so indispensable to a marriage ceremony as she used to be, and there are reasons which seem to justify her abolition.

It cannot be denied that many brides surround themselves with bridesmaids because it is the custom, and they could not bear it to be said that they were married on a smaller scale than their friends, and this reason has probably as much to do with the survival of the bridesmaid as any other. A retinue of bridesmaids entails a more or less complete list of invited guests, and it thus becomes a matter of serious financial import to the parents of the bride.

Furthermore the bridegroom is called upon to present each bridesmaid with a bouquet, and some article of jewellery, and as tradespeople have no mercy at a wedding, this is a serious expense. I do not, for a moment, deny that paterfamilias and the bridegroom, in the exuberance of the moment, would gladly spend even more, but there are moments of reflection afterwards, when both have settled down to the daily round and common task, which shed a reforming spirit over the past and irrevocable.

Another reason which may be advanced in favour of the abolition of the bridesmaid is that her selection is frequently the cause of offence. When the bride happens to have a wide circle of friends, and most girls' friends are dear friends, or pass as such, the young lady not infrequently finds herself in a somewhat awkward position. If she invites Miss A to be a bridesmaid, and overlooks Miss B, the latter may feel slighted, and take offence both at the bride and Miss A, and there would be a triangular current of coolness which would be unpleasant.

A battalion of bridesmaids, however, being out of the question, the bride has to make a selection, and she is fortunate indeed if she manages to do this without offending some of her friends. Young ladies think a great deal of precedence on occasions like these.

Then again there is the question of expense put upon the bridesmaid. Wedding costumes and hats, and the etceteras tot up to a respectable amount, as the bridesmaid's papa would be able to testify. Fortunately, there is the old saw, "Three times a bridesmaid, never a bride," which prevents young ladies from taking to weddings as a form of recreation.

Then it sometimes happens that the bridesmaids are so charming in person and attire that they "kill" the bride. If the bride is beautiful in herself, she needs no bevy of fair damsels to set her off, and if, on the other hand, the bride is remarkable more for the beauty of her mind and heart, than for personal beauty, it is, to say the least, unwise to emphasise the latter fact at a wedding.

How often do we hear the dear friends of the departed (that is to say, married) remark, "The bride was nothing to look at, but the bridesmaids were simply sweet." And, seeing that bridesmaids are merely part of a show, it is not always to the benefit of the bride that this department is introduced.

The fact that bridesmaids are generally dressed alike may be brought forward as a reason for their abolition. If the bridesmaids are all in white, well and good, but when we get into the realm of tints and colours, 'tis then we outrage good taste, and put our sisters through the most trying ordeal a girl can undergo from a "dressy" point of view, viz., make them wear something which doesn't suit them.

And there is even an objection to white, for a white dress makes a plump girl look—I shudder at the word—absolutely fat. If one idea with regard to bridesmaids is to give a pretty effect to the wedding procession, this is only done by those who are suited to the stereotyped costume.

We may be told that the bridesmaids are necessary as a help and support to the bride. But is this proposition borne out by the facts? Do they not worry the bride more than help her? Are they not a nuisance in the dressing-room, getting in one another's way, and misplacing the myriad frills and flummeries that go to make up a bride for the ceremony. Furthermore, their presence is not an aid to composure on the part of the bride, as is generally supposed, and even if it were, support of this character is rarely necessary.

I could understand it if the bridegroom had half-a-dozen of his chums on hand to keep his nerve steady, for he feels that he is in the main responsible for all this display, and the bevy of fair ones add to his natural bewilderment. But, no, he must be content with one solitary aider and abettor.

From a utilitarian point of view, he is worth a regiment of bridesmaids, for he insures the production of the ring, and keeps the bridegroom to his post, without whom there would be no wedding at all.

Sometimes, at a wedding, there is (to the spectators), an unaccountable delay in the vestry. Who causes this delay? Is it the bride? Certainly not, for she has rehearsed that final scrawl of her maiden name for months. It is the bridesmaid who is in such a flutter that she has forgotten how to spell her surname, or she isn't sure whether all her Christian names will be wanted, or whether one will do; or perhaps she hesitates between "Fluffy," her pet name, and Maud Anastasia; and the bride and bridegroom wear a smile which, under other circumstances, would be attributed to tight boots.

[*More "Love Problems" next week.*]

Wasting Away

"I can honestly say Scott's Emulsion made a new boy of my child"

THOMAS HILTON GARRITY
(From a photograph)

"More than the usual share of ildren's ailments" is sorry comfort r baby's mother—yet many mothers re to bear such a burden, all the hile smiling in their baby's pallid ce! If they only knew this!

"84 Hawkins Street, Kensington,
"Liverpool, November 18th, 1900.

"Dear Sirs,—My baby boy had more an the usual share of children's ailents, and I consider it is owing to the neficial properties of Scott's Emulsion e owe his life. When six weeks old he d fits, then he suffered from rickets, d, worse than all, consumption of the wels. These troubles, following one er the other, naturally left him very licate, and, having no appetite, he s gradually wasting away. By this ne he was about two years old, and a urce of very great anxiety and trouble us, for nothing seemed to benefit him the least. We had tried a number of parations, but with no good result til a friend, who was himself taking ott's Emulsion with good results, commended your preparation. I proed a bottle, and in a short time he s eating better, and began to pick up nerally, much to my satisfaction. The atment was continued, and I can nestly say that Scott's Emulsion has de a new boy of my child, as now he as strong and well as I could wish n to be, and able to eat all that is put fore him with a keen relish. As my y has taken nothing else since Scott's nulsion was first given him, I must, justice, give your preparation every edit for the cure of my son.

"Faithfully yours,
"(Signed) F. GARRITY."

So much torture can be avoided, so ch suffering prevented, with smiles instead of tears in baby's face, if mothers will only agree that all children are pretty much alike, and what helps one will probably help another.

If the heartrending distress that attacked Mr. Garrity's baby boy should attack your child, the same remedy that made a new boy of this child—Scott's Emulsion—will cure your baby promptly, surely, and of a truth.

Mr. Garrity's experience will be exactly yours. Just so long as you try other preparations, imitations of, and substitutes for, Scott's Emulsion, you will do your child no good; the moment you give the child Scott's Emulsion the change for the better begins. And from that time on—if Scott's Emulsion is given regularly—the result, a cure, is only a question of days.

One thing that probably has not occurred to you: common cod-liver oil is by no means the same thing as Scott's Emulsion; cod-liver oil has every possible quality to disgust; Scott's Emulsion every possible quality to please. Their relative values in ailments such as trouble the lives of your children is thus expressed in a report, after tests, by a distinguished physician: "Scott's Emulsion is three times more efficacious than the same quantity of plain cod-liver oil."

But—to secure the cure you will gladly buy for your baby—see that a picture of a man carrying a big fish is on the wrapper of the bottle. That picture ensures the result.

You can obtain a sample of Scott's Emulsion by sending threepence to cover postage to Scott & Bowne Ltd., 95 Great Saffron Hill, London, E.C., and mentioning this paper. All chemists sell Scott's Emulsion.

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AN IDEAL TONIC

is one that restores tone and efficiency to the stomach, liver, and kidneys impaired through worry, overwork, climatic changes, unhealthy atmosphere in factory or office, disease, or any other cause. It promotes the thorough digestion and assimilation of food, by which alone the blood is replenished and enriched. Such a tonic is Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup,

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"Five years ago I suffered terribly from indigestion, constipation, giddiness, and continuous pains in my head. My appetite was gone, and my nights were restless. Thanks to Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup all this was soon changed. By taking an occasional dose I can now digest my food readily.—CHARLES PHILLIPS, 1 Fernside, St. Andrew's Road, Deal. February 13th, 1902."

MOTHER SEIGEL'S CURATIVE SYRUP.

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Design No. 601. 10/6. The fashionable Eton Costume for Spring and Summer wear. Coat trimmed with three rows of cording and two rows of narrow braid, and six small fancy buttons, very smart. Produced in all the new shades of the world-renowned Specialite Serge or Vienna Cloth. Price only 10/6; carriage 6d. Skirt only, 6/6; carriage, 5d. A marvellous costume for the money. The best value in the Trade. This Costume may be ordered in the new "Coronate" Cloth, price only 21/- in all the latest Pastel Shades.

Design No. 722. 10/6. New Chesterfield Coat for the Spring Season, 30in. long. Made in stylish Tweed, Covert Coating, or Vienna Cloths. Colours: Fawn, Brown, Grey, Green, Fawn, and Black. All sizes in stock. Price only 10/6. Carr. paid, 6d. Send for one.

VALUE FOR MONEY.

DESIGN No. 934. 8/11.

Superior Costume Skirt with three shaped frills graduated at back. Each frill is trimmed with braid. There are three additional rows of braid at top of frills. Made in all the shades of A. F. & Co.'s Vienna Cloth or Specialite Serge. A Great Bargain for 8/11. Carriage 5d. This skirt can be ordered in the new "Coronate" Cloth, trimmed glace silk in place of braid. Price 12/11; carr. 5d.

DESIGN No. 613. 10/6 Carriage, 6d. extra.

In sending order, please give bust measurement under arms, inside sleeve, size of waist, and length of skirt in front.

Buy Direct at First Cost from the Leading Firm of London Manufacturers.

Design No. 622. 10/6. Stylish Costume, made with the fashionable Bonnie Coat, produced in Allen Foster & Co.'s Specialite Serge or Vienna Cloth, in all shades. The coat is trimmed with braid, and the skirt is cut in the new fashionable Bell shape. Costume complete, 10/6; carriage paid 6d. extra. Skirt alone 5/6; carriage paid, 5d. extra. This Costume in the new "Coronate" cloth, only 21/-, in all the newest Pastel Shades.

ALLEN FOSTER & CO., The London Manufacturers, 47 GOLDEN LANE, BARBICAN, E.C.

Rear Columns Under Cover.

A pencil-case will be awarded to each person whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

No, INQUISITIVE, we do not propose to have any war serials at present. It is to be hoped that ere such a story would have run its course, we may be once again turning our attention towards things peaceful. After all, the papers from day to day reveal to the public as much as it wants on this deplorable subject, and I do not agree with you that serial writers would reflect current taste in heaping on the agony.

KINGTON often sees the expression: "So many train miles run" in connection with reports of railway company meetings. He does not quite understand what this means.——Well, it simply means the aggregate number of miles run by the various trains owned by railway companies in a given time. For example, one train may make half-a-dozen journeys a day of ten miles each. The day's train mileage of this particular train would be put down as sixty.

A CURIOUS incident was mentioned on the Ping-Pong page the other week, of an insurance company, which was asked by a policy-holder for £4,000 to choose between paying £160 for the cost of an operation for appendicitis, or running the risk of the policy-holder dying within a few weeks. C. C. writes to tell me that any general hospital, where the staff is honorary (as in the case of the big London hospitals), would gladly perform any operation on the legal understanding that its funds would benefit by £100 on the death, even fifty years hence, of the person operated upon.

"Is it possible to learn ventriloquism from books, or is it a gift?" is the concern of B. L. D.——Ventriloquism, like acrobatism, is simply the result of continued training of the vocal cords and facial muscles, and is scarcely a gift, save so far as it tests a man's ingenuity as an actor. Doubtless, if you set yourself to master the art, you would in time obtain some results, but the leading ventriloquists, like all other specialists, have gone through an elaborate training of their voices, accompanied by prolonged practice before acquiring their present proficiency. The theory of breathing, voice production, and other aspects of all vocal art, bear on ventriloquism, as well as on singing and elocution, so it is not a thing to be acquired by mere trickery.

HENRY.—When a prisoner is sentenced to imprisonment on two indictments, the sentences to "run concurrently," what is meant is that he serves both together. Thus, a prisoner might be sentenced to five years for fraud, and twelve months for theft, supposing both charges to be proved against him. If the sentences ran concurrently he would, during his first year, serve two sentences together. I do not know whether a man who is doing time in duplicate receives any extra consideration in the way of treatment, or whether his fellow convicts look on him with envy as the unique server of two sentences at once. At the same time, under such sadly democratic conditions as those of H.M. prisons, it is something to be able to console oneself even for the fact that in one year you can expiate twice the number of crimes of your fellows.

EMBARRASSED was placed in an unpleasant position the other day, and, though he escaped from it unscathed, asked me what would have been his best course had it been otherwise. He was riding in a 'bus, and, as luck would have it, was dressed very immaculately. On feeling for the fare he discovered, to his horror, that the only coin he had was a shilling of uncertain goodness. The conductor fortunately accepted it, but supposing he had not, how would EMBARRASSED have saved his dignity?——On discovering that he had only a bad shilling, EMBARRASSED should hurriedly inquire if he was in the Hammersmith 'bus; on hearing he was not, should jump out. If the conductor had already seen and refused the coin, he should very indignantly protest that the shilling was a good one, and with a look of indignation should evacuate the 'bus. Either would certainly look more dignified than having to confess that one was penniless, and thus look like the "la-di-da" of the ancient comic song.

C. M'C. tells me of a remarkable scene which took place shortly after the deplorable accident at Ibrox Park. Immediately after the collapse of the stand, a huge number of people became panic-stricken, and climbed over the railings into the field. Standing in this position they shut out the view of the players from those behind, and they could not sit down because of the damp ground. Therefore, someone threw amongst them a copy of *P.W.*, suggesting that one of them should sit on it. The hint was taken, and thousands upon thousands of copies, which were in the possession of those spectators at the back, were thrown over the railings to those in front. In a short time, the covers were torn off and placed on the damp ground and sat on by their owners, who filled up the interval by reading the contents of the paper. My correspondent says that the sight of these thousands of ruby-coloured papers flying through the air was one never to be forgotten.

ANENT this terrible accident, D. D. writes: "A copy of *P.W.* was the means of identifying an unfortunate victim. He was quite a youth, and was carried insensible into the pavilion, now improvised as a hospital. Nothing was found in his possession to indicate his identity, until a man came across a copy of *P.W.* in one of his pockets, and there, on the insurance coupon, was found, not only his signature, but his place of residence as well. There can be no doubt that the poor fellow had hastily filled in the coupon only a few minutes before the dreadful catastrophe took place."

"WHY is a cigar stronger after it has gone out and been relit?" puzzles G. W. A.——This is one of those little problems that never vex us until we start "wondering why." The reason is that on relighting an extinct cigar, you inhale fumes drawn from the burning of the stale end of the cigar, which complicates the flavour, giving it a musty taste. Cut off the ashy extremity entirely, and you can continue the cigar with almost the same enjoyment as before.

WARUM inquires: "Why do we laugh at a pun?"——Using "we" editorially, we don't. The mere manipulation of a word to suit some alien meaning is devoid of humour. But when a word is used which conveys a subtle double suggestiveness to the mind, we laugh, as it is our nature to when our thoughts are suddenly thrown out of gear by an ingenious fancy. The laughter, however, which greets a pun is largely imitative and complimentary, and you seldom hear the hearty variety of laugh in this connection. The Shakespearean pun, for instance, pleases us not so much by its humour as by its ingenuity of phrasing, and I have never known anyone honestly laugh at one of them. A pun, is, after all, only justified when it really combines neatness of phrasing with some adroit unsuspected suggestion, and in any other connection is both unamusing and stupid.

"WHO legally controls the windows of railway carriages?" inquires H. C. O.——This is one of the things in which most of us would welcome legislation. At present all we can do is to depend on the peaceful instincts of our race, and respect for the opinion of the majority. If you wish to confront any obdurate "pro-ventilator," or "anti-fresh air" fiend, who dares to oppose the wishes of the majority of passengers with some legal point, I can see no other way than for you to deliberately open or close the window yourself, and inform the gentleman that if he takes any action you will summon him under the bye-laws for "interfering with the comfort of passengers." If you are very enthusiastic in the matter, just look up the bye-laws of your particular line, take a copy of this clause, and carry it out with vigour and resolution, when you may possibly have the law on your side.

R. O. J. has served me with a formidable legal document in which he states that, in view of the fact that so many children born during Jubilee year were named in such a manner as to celebrate the event, he assigns to me the right to confer upon the male child of any reader born on June 26th or 27th this year, the title of "Edward Septimus." This, however, is only in consideration of my sending him a pencil-case.——I don't know why I am not free to confer this title on any children, provided their parents don't object, without first of all consulting Mr. R. O. J., but he seems to have taken so much trouble over putting together the formal assignment of rights that I am sending him the pencil-case he craves for.

RESULT OF SECOND RAILWAY COMPETITION.

TWENTY-TWO competitors in this competition sent in absolutely correct lists. Four pounds has been added to the total offered, making it £44. This amount will be divided amongst the winners, each of whom receives £2. In addition to this, each of the lady competitors, of whom twelve sent in correct lists, will receive a further 10s. 6d., their share of the value of the costume offered (six guineas), making a prize of £2 10s. 6d. for each lady. Below will be found the list of winners:

Miss J. Briggs, 196 Stockwell Road, Brixton; J. E. Const, 99 Victoria Buildings, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.; Miss F. Cook, 53 Gray's Inn Road, W.C.; Mrs. F. Const, 33 Carlton Grove, Peckham, S.E.; Mrs. Clark, 33 Beauval Road, East Dulwich; Miss G. Clark, 33 Beauval Road, Dulwich Rise; A. Day, 67 Rosebery Avenue, W.C.; D. Elliott, Ardroe, Bloomfield, Belfast; Miss K. Gosden, 23 Woodlands Road, Leytonstone; Miss R. Hastings, 123 Farringdon Road, E.C.; Mrs. E. Lea, 196 Stockwell Road, Brixton; Percy Lea, 196 Stockwell Road, Brixton; Leonard Lea, 196 Stockwell Road, Brixton; C. W. Lea, 196 Stockwell Road, Brixton; A. Osborne, 13 Tyson Street, Rosebery Avenue, W.C.; J. R. Purdy, Elland, Yorks; Miss L. Smith, 27 Woodlands Road, Leytonstone; Mrs. R. Webster, 19 Hatton Wall, Hatton Gardens, E.C.; J. Weitzel, 15 Chalk Hill, New Bushey, Watford; A. H. Woodward, 31 Heath Road, Watford; Mrs. J. Heeley, 12 Beaconsfield Road, Seaforth, Liverpool; Miss E. Maynard, 83 Khedive Road, Forest Gate, E.

READERS interested in the Name-Hunting Competitions will be pleased to hear that a new one starts in next Tuesday's SHORT STORIES, the names which competitors have to discover being those of rivers in the United Kingdom. When the last competition started in SHORT STORIES several thousands of readers of *P.W.*, who had not taken the precaution to order a copy of the number containing the first coupon, found themselves unable to secure a copy on the day of publication, and, as it is impossible to reprint, they were obliged to abandon the idea of entering. I want, therefore, to impress upon readers the necessity for ordering a copy of next Tuesday's SHORT STORIES to be reserved for them. In this way they will not be disappointed.

YES, C. H. L., I have noticed the hundred or so different ways in which men greet each other in the street. As you say, one gives an austere nod, another a broad smile, or wag of the head, while the military salute, motion of the stick, umbrella, or newspaper, equally signify greeting. It takes no small amount of grace and deportment to properly greet an acquaintance, and this gentle art is one that is unfortunately almost extinct in our rush and tumble days. If one were not wearing shabby black clothes and a far from wieldy silk hat, things might be different. The majestic sweep of the Musketeer, or the elegant bow of the old-fashioned "dandy," would ill accompany twentieth century garb. But still, it is possible to give a nice little bow, accompanied by some sort of contortion of the hand, without looking absurd. Perhaps one of these days I will command Mr. P. Doubleyou to visit the haunts where men most do congregate, and make a few notes as to how the majority salute, and ask him to draw up some scheme embodying all the different methods which might be universally adopted. He's been very lazy lately.

THE list of subscriptions given below is not remarkable for its size. This is not to be wondered at, for at the time of going to press the announcement of the opening of the FRESH AIR FUND is not in the hands of readers. I hope that all of you have made good resolutions to send, at all events, one small donation before the summer is through, and let me tell you that, if you have not already decided to do so, you will have to sooner or later. This is not a threat, it is just a fatherly warning, for we are going to try harder than we have ever done before to make the list this year a record one.

HERE is the list of subscriptions up-to-date:

Amount previously acknowledged, £490 8s. 8d.

M. Baker, 4s. 6d.; Billy Button, 1s. 6d.; A. L., 9d.; W. G. Diver, £1; Mrs. Adams, South Africa, 5s.; Lobberto, 9d.; G. H. Rowland, 10s.; W. J. Smith, 10s. 6d.; Lieut. W. T Wyndome, 7s. 7d.

COLLECTED: Lilian Barclay, 10s.; E. M. Mobley, 7s. 8d.

Grand (*P.W.*) total, £494 6s. 11d.

ALL amounts should be made payable to The Secretary, FRESH AIR FUND, *Pearson's Weekly* Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

New Insurance Scheme.

£100 In the event of a person having the current number of *Pearson's Weekly* on him or her at the time being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not *by an accident to any train in which he or she may be travelling as a passenger*, the next-of-kin of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

£1,000 INSURANCE.

476 Claims already paid, including one of a Thousand Pounds.

This Insurance holds good for **any number of claims** to the extent of **£1,000**—not for one only. **£1,000** specially guaranteed by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 33 to 41 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notice of claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address. Insurance ticket, applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland, issued under section 33 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890.

£1,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in any of the railway sorting vans, and railway servants travelling with pass or railway servants' ticket in an ordinary carriage), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any cyclist who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-months' subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the Publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

The above conditions are of the essence of the contract.

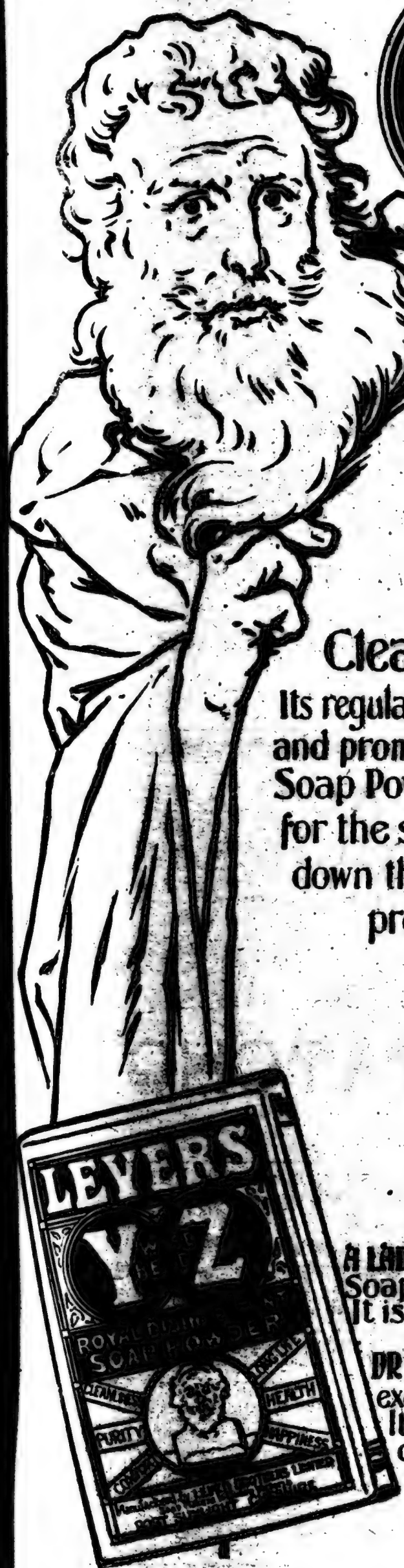
This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks No. 2 and 3.

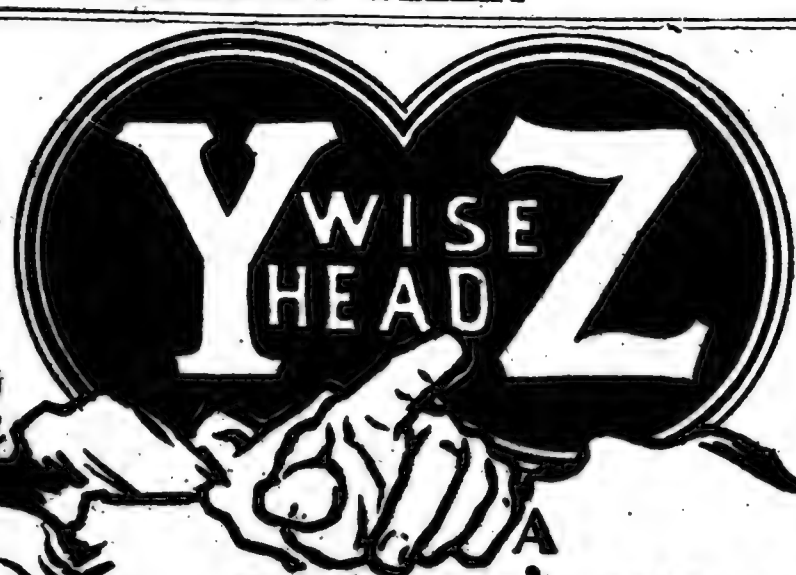
The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sect. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon-Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Signature .....

Available from 5 p.m., Thursday, April 17th, 1902, until midnight, Friday, April 25th, 1902.

Printed by HORACE COX, Brown's Buildings, E.C., and Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON LTD., at Pearson's Weekly Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.





A
PEOPLE'S HEALTH
IS
A PEOPLE'S WEALTH
Let Prudence persuade you
to try

SOAP POWDER

Cleans & disinfects at one & the same time.

Its regular use will lessen the risk of infection in the home and promote Health and Comfort. It is a very economical Soap Powder in use and even after use is not exhausted, for the soapy water from the wash should be poured down the drains and sinks to disinfect them and so prevent the spreading of disease germs.

WHEN

SOAP POWDER

COMES IN AT THE DOOR
DISEASE FLIES OUT
OF THE WINDOW.

A LADY WRITES FROM FALKIRK, N.B.:- "I have used your YZ Soap Powder for many purposes & have found it excellent. It is the best Soap Powder I have ever used"

DR FERGUSON, M.A., M.D., F.R.G.S., TORONTO:- YZ is an excellent cleanser & disinfectant of all sorts of utensils. It can be employed with safety on the hands, & is a thorough disinfectant for the skin.

SEND A POSTCARD GIVING YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS AND WE WILL SEND YOU A DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLET

LEVER BROTHERS, LIMITED., PORT SUNLIGHT, CHESHIRE.

Soap Makers to the late QUEEN VICTORIA.

INDIGESTION AND LIVER TROUBLES CURED!

BILE BEANS SUCCEED AGAIN!

BILE BEANS FOR BILIOUSNESS have become an extremely popular medicine; and a reporter of the *Lindsey and Lincolnshire Star* who has just had an interesting interview with a lady living at Rothwell, near Caistor, and records the following interesting story.

The lady in question is Mrs. Martin, wife of a farm labourer. She said: "For a considerable time I have been a victim to indigestion and liver disorders, and have suffered from pains in the back and shoulders. Eating became almost impossible, in consequence of the pain I suffered afterwards. At night I could not sleep, and would toss about restlessly. My brother suffered in a way very similar, and one day, when he was very ill, I sent for a box of Bile Beans. He took them regularly, and they eventually cured him. Seeing the effect in that case, I also obtained the remedy and commenced a course. By degrees the acute pain left me, and I felt I was being cured. My husband also noticed it, and impressed upon me the necessity of persevering with the medicine. I did so, and the result is, that now they have made me well again. Formerly, I had no appetite at all, and had no desire for food, if even I could have digested it. To-day my appetite is good, and I can thoroughly enjoy a good meal. I have recommended the Beans to several neighbours, and not only so, but I have commenced to give them to my children when they are feeling out of condition, and they also have benefited. I think the Bile Beans are a splendid medicine, and shall always keep a stock in the house."

Bile Beans FOR Biliousness

BILE BEANS have been proved to be an undoubted cure for HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION, PILES, LIVER TROUBLE, BAD BREATH, INDIGESTION, FLATULENCE, SPASMS, PALPITATION, LIVER CHILLS, DIZZINESS, ANÆMIA, DEBILITY, BLOOD IMPURITIES, SKIN ERUPTIONS, SPRING AILMENTS, FEMALE AILMENTS, and a host of other ailments that owe their origin to defective bile flow, assimilation, and digestion.

Obtainable of all Chemists, or Post Free if this paper is mentioned, from the Bile Bean Manufacturing Co., 119 and 120 London Wall, London, E.C., on receipt of price, 1s. 1½d. or 2s. 9d. (Large box contains 3 times small size), 3 large boxes 7s. 6d., or six for 14s.

Bile Beans are packed in sealed boxes only, and are sold in no other way.

SAMPLE BOX FREE.

FREE SAMPLE COUPON.

The proprietors have so much fa[illegible] efficacy of Bile Beans that they wi[illegible] a sample box free, and a book on [illegible] digestive ailments, if you cut out th[illegible] and send it with your name and [illegible] and a penny stamp (to cover return [illegible] to the Bile Bean Manufacturing C[illegible] Distributing Depot, Greek Street, Le[illegible]

"Pearson's Weekly." April 2[illegible]th.

Splendid Wedding and Birthday Present. **CROCKERY—21/-**

"We all do like our Bacon." Ask your old Cotton Dealer to do this, and he will tell you to go to Jackson and Bake Bacon Crockery with you. 1 Dinner Set, 47 pieces, printed. 1 Tea Set, 41 pieces, gold edged. Unique Designs. Clear as Parkinson. 1 Breakfast Set, 21 pieces, pure white, edged in gold. 1/3 Pattern Site. Sample 1/-. Post free Free. THE DIRECT SUPPLY POTTERY Co., Hanley, Staffs.

TRIUMPH CYCLES. 10 Guineas and 15 Guineas, or from 5s. 6 month. TRIUMPH CYCLE CO., Ltd., Coventry. 6 & 7, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. 18, Deansgate Arcade, Manchester.

PERSONAL. If you are worried or contemplate matrimony, write at once enclosing one shilling in stamps or postal order, when we will gratuitously send you, post free, the most wonderful discovery of the century. Address:—THE HUMPHY CURE COMPANY, 10 Featherstone Buildings, Holborn, W.C.

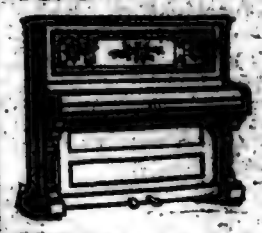
SHORT STORIES 1d. WEEKLY.

MOPING AGAIN?

We are not surprised. If "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," it is, if anything, even worse for Jill. Jack has the variety of his occupation away from home, of new faces, new scenes. He may make some allowance for the monotony of Jill's existence, but he does not realize it! If he did, he would at once seek to enliven home dullness with home's best sweetness—music. Very little outlay is wanted: no need to be extravagant. Half-a-guinea paid to-day will spirit a fine piano to your home to-morrow; or a trifling six shillings, if it is an organ you prefer. These sums paid monthly make the desired instrument your own. Try our "Marvel" Piano, or the "Stella" Organ. Each is specially designed to make you convinced that you have secured a good bargain. If you have an instrument already, one perhaps that has seen better days, we will make you a generous allowance for it.

GOLD MEDALS AWARDED.

The 'Marvel' 10/6 PER MONTH



Full Compass, Iron Frame, Full Trichord, Check repeating action, and all improvements. In handsome Burr Walnut Case, Marqueterie Panels, Sconces, &c. Perfect in tone and touch. Tuned free first twelve months.

CRANE & SONS, Ld.

Head Offices:—
SOOTHLAND ROAD, LIVERPOOL.

Principal Branches:

LONDON	122, Oxford-st., W.
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BIRMINGHAM	Corporation-st.
BELFAST	46, High-st.
BOLTON	126, Deansgate.
WIGAN	Library-st.
PRESTON	161, Lancaster-road.
WREXHAM	Crane's Buildings.
ST. HELENS	7, Church-st.
BEACOMBE	42, Brighton-st.
LEEDS	69, Meadow-lane.
NEWCASTLE	101, Blackett-st.

C. & S. have the Largest Stock in the World of Pianos and Organs, including Collard, Brinsmead, Erard, Bell, Doherty, etc. Further Particulars on Application.

Sole Agents (Wholesale and Retail) for the Celebrated Ratz and Haake Pianos. Trade supplied.

Agents wanted where not represented.

The 'Stella' 6/- PER MONTH

A High Class Instrument, richly cased in Walnut, with [illegible] Swell, &c. Tone of [illegible] quality. And a [illegible] Harmonium [illegible] stops.

BALDNESS and HAIR-WEAKNESS

WILL BECOME ANCIENT HISTORY.

USE

Mr. Geo. R. Sims' "TATCHO"

"TATCHO" is a brilliant spirituous tonic, the colour of whisky, free from all grease. "TATCHO" is not a dye, and contains no colouring matter or any harmful ingredient. "TATCHO" is sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout the world, in bottles at 1s., 2s. 9d.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Bilious and Nervous Disorders,

Sick Headache, Constipation, Wind and Pains in Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Disordered Liver, and Female Ailments.

In Boxes 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each, with full directions.

THE 1s. 1½d. BOX CONTAINS 56 PILLS.

The Sale is Now Six Million Boxes Yearly.

Prepared only by the Proprietor,

THOMAS BEECHAM, ST. HELENS, LANCASHIRE.

Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers Everywhere.

120,000 JOYFUL HEARTS.

And how they are Going to be Made Joyful.

This year the FRESH AIR FUND is going to be bigger than it has ever been before, and no fewer than 120,000 children will be taken for a day in the country. This great task can only be accomplished by readers subscribing to the Fund in their usual liberal manner.

The arrangements necessary for taking these children from the various big cities of the United Kingdom necessitates an enormous amount of labour, but this is all carried out, and the expenses together borne by the Ragged School Union and the proprietors of this paper.

The following letter has been received from Mr. John Kirk, the secretary of the former institution:

Dear Mr. PEARSON,

... in the FRESH AIR FUND and its beneficent work is [illegible] more appreciated by the workers in all parts of the Kingdom.

... experience after ten years' privileged co-operation ... organising committees for the proper expenditure of [illegible] kindly contributed by your generous readers. Assisted by [illegible] secretary, Mr. E. Kessell, I have been able to personally, [illegible], make arrangements for the ensuing summer in the [illegible] thickly-peopled centres and cities. In each case the [illegible] have undertaken to give a day's country run in the fresh air to poor children, to the extent authorised by you, and on [illegible] lines sensibly laid down for their guidance.

Now it is for kind-hearted folk everywhere to come forward [illegible] and liberally with their contributions so that this Coronation Year may be a record one for the FRESH AIR FUND.

Joining with all the workers in grateful appreciation of the [illegible] kindness of the Fund in thus giving happiness to the [illegible],

I remain,

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) JOHN KIRK.

[illegible]	2000	£81	0	0	A. J. M'Connochie, 115 Union Street.
[illegible]	2500	111	15	0	W. J. W. Roome, 65 Eglantine Avenue.
[illegible]	5000	202	10	0	George Shipway, Moseley St.
[illegible]	2000	81	0	0	James Dixon, The Orphanage, Wilshire.
[illegible]	2000	81	0	0	J. Popplewell, 9 Pool Street.
[illegible]	2000	81	0	0	Harry Smith, 91 Oxford Road.
[illegible]	2000	81	0	0	Rev. P. T. Andrews, St. John's Vicarage, Carlton Hill.
[illegible]	2500	101	5	0	George Clayton, 4 Burghley Rd., St. Andrews.
[illegible]	2000	81	0	0	G. Percy Thomas, 170 Newport Road.
[illegible]	2000	81	0	0	Rev. J. H. Rushbrooke, M.A., 20 Otter Street.
DUBLIN	3000	121	10	0	A. J. Nicolls, LL.B., Loan Fund Board, Dublin Castle.
DUNDEE	2000	81	0	0	John W. Shepherd, 19 Meadowside.
EDINBURGH	2000	81	0	0	Bailie Waterston, 37 Lutton Place.
GATESHEAD	2000	81	0	0	John H. Watson, 110 Sidney Grove, Newcastle.
GLASGOW	5000	202	10	0	A. McCracken, 40 St. Vincent Place.
HALIFAX	2000	81	0	0	J. H. Meade, 31 Tennyson St., Lee Mount.
HULL	2000	81	0	0	Maurice Cohen, 17 King Edward Street.
LEEDS	3000	121	10	0	Alfred Blenkinsop, 13 Exmouth Street.
LEICESTER	2000	81	0	0	H. Lawrence, Midland Chambers, 5 Gallowtree Gate.
LIVERPOOL	5000	202	10	0	E. W. Cropper, Ferndead, Great Crosby.
LONDON	11,500	1,650	15	0	John Kirk, Ragged School Union, 32 John St., Bedford Row, W.C.
MANCHESTER	5000	202	10	0	J. P. Reid, 20 Silverdale Rd., Chorlton-cum-Hardy.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE	2000	81	0	0	John H. Watson, 110 Sidney Grove.
NORWICH	2000	81	0	0	George White, M.P., Norwich.
NOTTINGHAM	2000	81	0	0	H. Seeley Whitby, 54 Manor St., Sneinton.
OLDHAM	2000	81	0	0	Dr. J. B. Wilkinson, Town Hall.
PLYMOUTH	1500	60	15	0	F. H. Bolton, 4 [illegible]view Terrace, Hartley.
PORTSMOUTH	2000	81	0	0	Benjamin Tilly, 36 Cottage Grove, Southsea.
PRESTON	2000	81	0	0	Major Little, Town Hall.
SHEFFIELD	3000	121	10	0	F. W. Goldstone, 13 Warrington Road.
SOUTHAMPTON	2000	81	0	0	W. S. Clayton, Montserratt, Arthur Road North.
SUNDERLAND	2000	81	0	0	Mr. Alderman Bruce, Gillbridge Avenue.
Totals ...	120,000	£4,860			

CUSTOMER: "This waistcoat is too tight for me. I'm a snuff-taker."

Tailor: "A snuff taker? What has that to do with the excellent fit of this waistcoat?"

Customer: "Great Jehoshaphat! How can a man sneeze without a little slack in his waistcoat?"

"MY dear," said a thin little man to his wife, "this paper says that there is a woman down in Devonshire who goes out and chops wood with her husband."

"Well, what of it? I think she could easily do it if he is as thin as you are. I have often thought of using you to peel potatoes with."

The thin man laid down his paper with a sigh that sounded like the squeak of a penny whistle.

LONDON'S WASHTUB.

Most of the Laundries of the Metropolis are Located at Acton.

IN most towns, laundries are scattered all over the neighbourhood. But London contains practically a whole parish devoted to the washtub. This abode of soap and suds lies in the region of Acton. About two thousand of these establishments invite the lover of clean linen.

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Most of the establishments are private, where the work is done by hand; but there are many companies, whose buildings cover large areas, and where steam is the power employed. All are, of course, under the Factories Acts. When the business was in its infancy, it was an easy thing to procure an expressive name, indicating the purity and sweetness with which the clothes came forth from the laundries, such as Roseleaf, Violet, Pansy, or Sunlight; but, the numbers of places increasing, the proprietors were hard put to it to find something striking in the line of nomenclature; and resorted to the names of soldiers, sailors, statesmen, and Royal personages—with sometimes amusing results.

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120,000 JOYFUL HEARTS.

And how they are Going to be Made Joyful.

THIS year the FRESH AIR FUND is going to be bigger than it has ever been before, and no fewer than 120,000 children will be taken for a day in the country. This huge task can only be accomplished by readers subscribing to the Fund in their usual liberal manner.

The arrangements necessary for taking these children out from the various big cities of the United Kingdom necessitates an enormous amount of labour, but this work is all carried out, and the expenses together borne by the Ragged School Union and the proprietors of this paper.

The following letter has been received from Mr. John Kirk, the secretary of the former institution:

DEAR MR. PEARSON,

Interest in the FRESH AIR FUND and its beneficent work is more and more appreciated by the workers in all parts of the United Kingdom.

This is my experience after ten years' privileged co-operation with you in organising committees for the proper expenditure of the money kindly contributed by your generous readers. Assisted by your secretary, Mr. R. Mossell, I have been able to personally, or otherwise, make arrangements for the ensuing summer in the appended thickly-peopled centres and cities. In each case the friends have undertaken to give a day's country run in the fresh air to the poor children, to the extent authorised by you, and on the broad lines sensibly laid down for their guidance.

Now it is for kind-hearted folk everywhere to come forward quickly and liberally with their contributions so that this Coronation Year may be a record one for the FRESH AIR FUND.

Joining with all the workers in grateful appreciation of the persistent kindness of the founder in thus giving happiness to the little ones,

I remain,
Yours faithfully,
(Signed) JOHN KIRK.

ABERDEEN	2000	£81	0	0	A. J. M'Connochie, 115 Union Street.
BELFAST	3500	141	15	0	W. J. W. Roome, 65 Eglantine Avenue.
BIRMINGHAM	5000	202	10	0	George Shipway, Moseley St.
BLACKBURN	2000	81	0	0	James Dixon, The Orphanage, Wiltshire.
BOLTON	2000	81	0	0	J. Popplewell, 9 Pool Street.
BRADFORD	2000	81	0	0	Harry Smith, 94 Oxford Road.
BRIGHTON	2000	81	0	0	Rev. P. T. Andrews, St. John's Vicarage, Carlton Hill.
BRISTOL	2500	101	5	0	George Clayton, 4 Burghley Rd., St. Andrews.
CARDIFF	2000	81	0	0	G. Percy Thomas, 170 Newport Road.
DERBY	2000	81	0	0	Rev. J. H. Rushbrooke, M.A., 20 Otter Street.
DUBLIN	3000	121	10	0	A. J. Nicolls, LL.B., Loan Fund Board, Dublin Castle.
DUNDEE	2000	81	0	0	John W. Shepherd, 40 Meadowside.
EDINBURGH	2000	81	0	0	Bailie Waterston, 37 Lutton Place.
GATESHEAD	2000	81	0	0	John H. Watson, 140 Sidney Grove, Newcastle.
GLASGOW	5000	202	10	0	A. McCracken, 40 St. Vincent Place.
HALIFAX	2000	81	0	0	J. H. Maude, 31 Tennyson St., Lee Mount.
HULL	2000	81	0	0	Maurice Cohen, 17 King Edward Street.
LEEDS	3000	121	10	0	Alfred Blenkinsop, 13 Exmouth Street.
LEICESTER	2000	81	0	0	H. Lawrence, Midland Chambers, 5 Gallowtree Gate.
LIVERPOOL	5000	202	10	0	E. W. Cropper, Fearnhead, Great Crosby.
LONDON	41,500	1,680	15	0	John Kirk, Ragged School Union, 32 John St., Bedford Row, W.C.
MANCHESTER	5000	202	10	0	J. P. Reid, 20 Silverdale Rd., Chorlton-cum-Hardy.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE	2000	81	0	0	John H. Watson, 140 Sidney Grove.
NORWICH	2000	81	0	0	George White, M.P., Norwich.
NOTTINGHAM	2000	81	0	0	H. Seeley Whitby, 33 Manor St., Sneinton.
OLDHAM	2000	81	0	0	Dr. J. B. Wilkinson, Town Hall.
PLYMOUTH	1500	60	15	0	F. H. Bolton, 4 Southview Terrace, Hartley.
PORTSMOUTH	2000	81	0	0	Benjamin Tilly, 46 Cottage Grove, Southsea.
PRESTON	2000	81	0	0	Major Little, Town Hall.
SHEFFIELD	3000	121	10	0	F. W. Goldstone, 13 Warrington Road.
SOUTHAMPTON	2000	81	0	0	W. S. Clayton, Montserratt, Arthur Road North.
SUNDERLAND	2000	81	0	0	Mr. Alderman Bruce, Gillbridge Avenue.
Totals ...	120,000	£24,360			

CUSTOMER: "This waistcoat is too tight for me. I'm a snuff-taker."

Tailor: "A snuff taker? What has that to do with the excellent fit of this waistcoat?"

Customer: "Great Jehoshaphat! How can a man sneeze without a little slack in his waistcoat?"

"MY dear," said a thin little man to his wife, "this paper says that there is a woman down in Devonshire who goes out and chops wood with her husband."

"Well, what of it? I think she could easily do it if he is as thin as you are. I have often thought of using you to peel potatoes with."

The thin man laid down his paper with a sigh that sounded like the squeak of a penny whistle.

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WILLS THAT HAVE MADE HISTORY.

What some of Rhodes' Fellow Conquerors have Left behind them.

Cecil Rhodes' will has been referred to by many writers as "Cæsar's Will." It may, therefore, be interesting to recall that famous testament as detailed by Shakespeare.

Just as in the case of the conqueror of South Africa, the extraordinary generosity of Cæsar's will removed once for all any lurking unpopularity he may have suffered in life from the citizens of Rome, and turned public opinion on to the side of Mark Antony, and those who made war against Brutus and his fellow-conspirators to avenge their murder of the great conqueror.

Cæsar's will, as told by Mark Antony to the assembled citizens, is given by Shakespeare as follows: "To every Roman citizen, to every several man, seventy-five drachmas. All his walks, his private arbours, and new-planted orchards on this side of the Tiber, he hath left them to you and your heirs for ever; common pleasures, to walk abroad and recruit yourselves."

Cæsar thus in his death enriched in money and privileges every individual citizen, a piece of generosity which may well be quoted throughout history.

Napoleon's will showed a generosity towards friends, and a large appreciation of those who had stood by him in adversity, which proves him to be far from a grasping and mean character. His estimated fortune, invested in five per cent. Funds in Paris, was the same as that of Cecil Rhodes, namely, £6,000,000, which his other sources of income increased to £8,000,000.

NAPOLEON'S WILL.

While the bulk of this fortune went to his heirs, with the provision that they should seek to maintain his principles, £200,000 was divided between his personal friends and attendants. Of these the Count de Montholon was bequeathed £80,000, in recognition of "the attentions he has paid me for these six years, and to indemnify him for the loss which my residence in St. Helena has occasioned," to quote the terms of Napoleon's will.

To lesser associates he bequeathed legacies of £20,000, £16,000, £4,000, respectively, while to miscellaneous supporters in France, including many of his generals, he bequeathed twenty-two legacies of £4,000 each. One curious legacy was £400 to Sub-Officer Cantillon, who had been accused of desiring to assassinate Wellington. In making this bequest Napoleon disclosed his feelings towards his conquerer in the following terms: "This man has as much right to assassinate that oligarch (Wellington) as the latter had to send me to perish on this rock of St. Helena."

The most famous will in all history, however, is that of Peter the Great, which practically bequeaths to his heirs on the throne of Russia the domination of the world. "Russia," said Peter, in his last will and testament, "should exercise supreme power over Europe. Europe must be subjugated by a new and youthful race. Russia's waves should advance over all Europe." How this was to be done, Peter specified in a large number of clauses, which have governed the policy of the Tsars for over a century.

THE WILL OF PETER THE GREAT.

In the first instance Russia was to be always on a war footing, and was to take part in all disputes, to keep up jealousies in Poland with a view of ultimately interfering and conquering that country. This has been done, as all who look at the map of Europe will see, for Poland proper now belongs to Russia.

The will practically laid down which Powers Russia was to quarrel with. Principal among them were Sweden, Turkey, and Persia. As to Sweden, Peter enjoined his successors to rob her of as much territory as possible, but to always see that Sweden appeared to be the aggressor. This she has carried out in her acquisition of Finland, Lapland, and the Islands in the Baltic.

As to Turkey, Peter laid down that Russia must advance to Constantinople, and ultimately enter the Mediterranean. This she was to do by constantly picking quarrels with Turkey. Though Russia has not yet conquered Constantinople, she has made many attempts to do so since the death of Peter, and had it not been for the intervention of Great Britain, would undoubtedly long since have been there.

Peter's will urged that Russia should keep up friendly commercial relations with Britain as "we have most need of her products for the Navy." This policy has been strictly adhered to.

Russia was to concentrate her efforts against Germany, by alliances with Austria and France, as Germany was the Power she most feared. Russia has long sought alliance with France, and now possesses it. Whether she will join Austria within future years remains to be seen, but that is obviously her desire, and would place her, according to Peter the Great "in a position to dominate the world."

Thus it will be seen that the history of Europe owes its developments very largely to this ambitious legacy of conquest on the part of Russia's great Tsar. The constant Russo-Turkish Wars, including that of 1854, in which we were involved, the eternal troubles in the Balkan peninsula, including that now in full bloom, the persistent advance of Russia in China, and towards Persia and our Indian frontier, are simply the work of the executors of a will, and that will is the greatest menace to the peace of Europe in existence, for Russia's rulers will never swerve from its provisions.

Another famous conqueror whose will, to a large extent, proved him not to be the heartless land-grabber he was supposed to be, was none other than William I., of Normandy. He divided his treasure among the churches, the clergy, and the poor, specifying exact sums to each. These bequests were made to the churches to compensate them for William's ruthless policy of destruction, in which several edifices had been burnt, and it was the King's desire that much of the money should go to restoring them.

The will of Alfred the Great foreshadowed two of the greatest institutions in English law, the succession to property of the male and not the female descendant, and the freedom of the subject.

The first he expressed in the following terms: "It is most agreeable to me that any land I have given go to the issue on the male side, so long as any be worthy. My grandfather gave his lands to the spear side, not to the spindle side."

His ideal as to the continued freedom of the subject was thus handed down to posterity:

"I beseech in God's name that none of my relations do obstruct the freedom of those I have redeemed. I will that they be masters of their freedom, of their will, and entreat in God's name that no man disturb them, neither by money exaction nor by manner of means."

These were almost the last words Alfred left to England, and to them we may trace the ultimate emancipation from serfdom of the entire British population, and the extermination of slavery in British dominions abroad.

Perhaps the most curious desire as to the disposal of his remains on record is that of Richard Cœur de Lion, who left the following instructions as to his burial. "His brains, his blood, and his entrails to be buried at Charron; his heart at Rouen, and his body at Fort Evruad, at the feet of his father."

Whatever may be said of Cecil Rhodes' methods of conquest, there is no doubt that his will will go down with that of Cæsar, and Peter the Great, as one calculated to make history. For the rest of time the name "Rhodes" will be associated in the minds of Colonials with Imperial education, whereby they receive an opportunity of learning at one of England's greatest seats of culture. But to Africa the consequences will be wider, as the romantic scene of his burial and his legacies to the country which takes his name will always remind men of "Cecil Rhodes, of Africa," whose personality stood for British domination in that continent.

He Liked Cheap Cigars.

"I believe Higginside smokes the vilest cigars on earth. When he drops in at my office I always give him a good cigar to keep him from lighting one of his own."

"Drops in every day, doesn't he?"

"Generally."

"I thought so. I know Higginside. He is a fellow of a great deal of thrift and ingenuity."

Harold: "Well, Percy, did you find petrol a good remedy for chapped hands?"

Percy: "Splendid! Not only did it cure the chaps, but everyone in the ball-room detected the smell and thought I owned a motor-car."

Temperature of Forests.

For twenty years the Swiss Government has been making observations through its forestry stations on the temperature of the air, of the trees, and the soil in the forests. These observations show that the temperature in the forests is always below the temperature outside. The temperature also varies according to the trees composing the forests.

A beech forest is always cooler than a forest of larch. As to the trunks of the trees, they are always cooler than the surrounding air. Regarding the temperature of the soil, it is found that in the forest the temperature is invariably below that of the air. Outside the forest the soil is always warmer than the air in summer and colder in winter.

First Official (gas company): "The newspapers and the public are howling for cheaper gas. Something must be done."

Second official (after reflection): "All right. Reduce the price and oil the meters."

Mrs. Duguid (member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals): "My dear children, I love all animals. I never under any circumstances hurt one. I even had a family of pet toads. I love them so that I catch flies to feed them."

Small Boy: "Please missus, ain't flies animals?"

WHY YOU PAY INCOME TAX.

What the National Debt Really Is.

The solution of the great National Debt puzzle is not hard. Here is an illustration. If your expenditure exceeds your income, it is clear you stand on the wrong side of the ledger. To keep up appearances you must borrow money hoping in the meantime your luck will turn; otherwise, you sink down very low in the credit of your friends.

Now the bank of the British Government is the Bank of England. The latter does not object to the Treasury overdrawing its account in times of peace, because there is ample security in hand; but in time of war the Bank is not so sure of its security, it refuses to let the nation overdraw its account, and so the country wanting money raises a loan among the wealthier of her people.

It is a flat contradiction in terms, but the debt of a nation really proves its wealth—that is, the wealth of the people.

During the last fifty-two years we have derived an income from customs, excise, income tax, post office, and other sources, amounting to 3,679 million pounds sterling, whilst our expenditure (exclusive of war) has been 3,655 millions, or equal to £68,900,000, per annum.

So far the figures are on the right side of the ledger, and only a small balance remains to our credit. Hardly anything has been put aside for a rainy day—for war.

Great Britain's National Debt (amounts borrowed for carrying on wars) amounts to 696 million pounds sterling; but, as appalling as these figures are, they are but a trifle when placed side by side with those that are officially set down as representing our wealth, namely, 9,500 millions sterling.

Now, nearly all the amounts accumulated under the title of National Debt have been raised or effected within the pale of the kingdom. It is a safe investment, is a Government security of this kind, for, while it is possible you may never see the principal back again, the chances are you will have it repaid to you over and over again in the fairly high interest that you get for your money.

The following are responsible for the accumulation of the National Debt:

Wars of William and Anne,	73 millions
Conquest of Canada,	62 ,,
American War,	121 ,,
Campaigns against Bonaparte,	581 ,,
Spent by Marlborough,	63 ,,
	900 millions.

We succeeded in reducing the grand total by £200,000,000—£94,000,000 during the late Queen's reign.

Our annual average revenue for five years, 1884-89, was £88,000,000 sterling, against £88,400,000 expenditure, showing a loss.

Every country has a national debt, and the less this is can be generally accepted as a sign of a nation's poverty. Thus, France owes 786 million pounds, Germany only sixty-one millions, and we know Germany is not a wealthy nation. Russia's indebtedness amounts to 578 millions, while China's debts are but twelve millions, again proving the poverty of China. Japan owes sixty millions, and she is wealthier than China.

Our National Debt will be reduced at some time in the future. At the rate of shrinkage before the present war it was estimated that at the end of twenty years it would be reduced by 200 millions. Now, however, it will be put back again.

In 1816 it was rated at £45 per head of the population; at present it stands at between £14 and £15.

From the foregoing figures it will be seen that war is an expensive item, and that we have had to pay dearly in a sense for our territorial possessions. It is true that war has paved the way for us in the extension of trade, and that it has given Britain great prestige in the modern history of the world and in the place of nations, but we have had to pay for it.

Huge Pension Prize.

5s. A DAY FOR LIFE.

Very few people realise how quickly money accumulates if it is put by regularly.

Supposing a good fairy dropped a five-shilling piece on your plate on the breakfast-table one morning, and the next morning dropped another, and the third morning another. At the end of a month she would have dropped thirty five-shilling pieces, which, of course, equals £7 10s. If she kept this up for another month, you would have £15, and if she still continued to do this every day of your life, you would in sixty years have received the stupendous sum of £5,400!

Now this is the prize which is to be offered shortly:

The sum of 5s. a day is going to be paid to someone—perhaps yourself.

This 5s. a day will mean:

TO YOUNG GIRLS:

Enough to buy yourself pretty frocks and heaps of chocolates, with a balance to give to mother to put by for you until you are married.

TO SINGLE GIRLS:

Provision against poverty, or, if in comfortable circumstances, additional pocket money.

TO ENGAGED GIRLS:

Enough to buy your trousseau, or to save up for some article you have always been in want of.

TO MARRIED WOMEN:

Enough to get yourself any clothes that are too expensive for your husband to buy, or to save up for the little ones.

And all this, not for a week, or a month, or a year, but for the whole of your life.

This means that if you are now fifteen years of age and live until you are seventy-five you will receive the colossal sum of £5,400, which is by far the most colossal prize ever won by anybody.

Next week full particulars of this scheme will appear.

FIVE SHILLINGS A DAY FOR LIFE.—A huge prize for a simple task.

OULD APPEAL TO YOU

d Thumb and Rheumatism
re Pretty Much Alike.

a man hits his thumb with
r he applies some soothing
remedy, wraps it up, and
ure do the rest. That's
ought to do for Rheumatism.
s no more sense in swallow-
cines for Rheumatism than
swallowing medicines for a
thumb.

years ago there were not half
medicines as to-day, and not
uch Rheumatism. In those
ple believed more in out-
tment, and they were right.
lieved in going direct to the
pain and applying the
there.

there are fashions in medi-
nt as there are fashions in
The medical schools got the
that Rheumatism was a blood
and began filling people's
s with medicines to cure it.
me to be the fashion, and it
s to this day.

umatism is in the blood to-
s in the blood fifty years ago.
n't matter whether it is in
d or not, but let us suppose
is. What sense is there in
your digestive organs in an
relieve your Rheumatism?

s is another way to reach the
Go in through the pores of
. Nature put those millions
es in your body so that
could come out, and so that
, healing remedies could go
w absurdly foolish it is for
y with Rheumatism in a leg
m to try and reach it by way
mouth! If internal treat-
proper for Rheumatism,
the world don't the doctors
in that manner?

people have been cured of
tism by the external use of
Oil than you have any idea
ega Oil is bringing back with
od old-fashioned, practical
of rubbing in through the
the skin.

a Oil is such a peculiar
tinct liniment that there
ng like it in all England.
will take its place in the
nt and cure of Rheumatism.
be applied in the right way
e best results.

bathe the place where your
tism is located with warm
d good soap, and wipe dry
owel. This opens the pores
s) of the skin, and gives the
nce to get in. Then pour
teaspoonful of Omega Oil
hand, and start to rubbing
d hard. Rub and rub and
retty soon all the oil will be
in deep where the pain is.
ll to rub in still another
. Do this night and morn-
all the Rheumatism is gone.
w cases a cure will result in
time. In very bad, chronic
ollow the same treatment,
addition, tie a hot, damp
er the place, and jump into
After the cloth cools off
it, and saturate some cotton
e Oil and bind it on, leaving
in all night. Be patient and
the treatment faithfully.
hemists sell Omega Oil, or
n get it for you. Never
a substitute. Price 1/1½;
Bottle, 2/9. Sent post paid
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ps.—OMEGA LTD., 14 & 16
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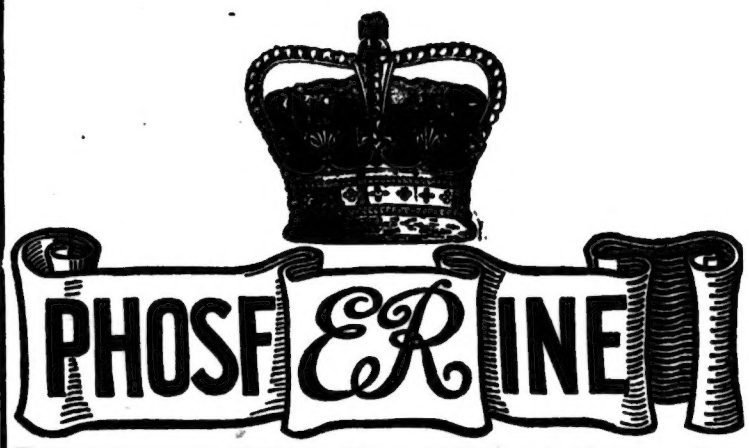

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H.I.M. the Dowager Empress of Russia,
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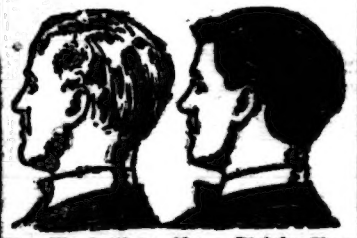

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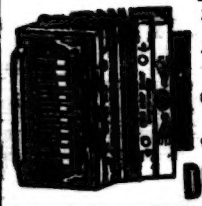

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